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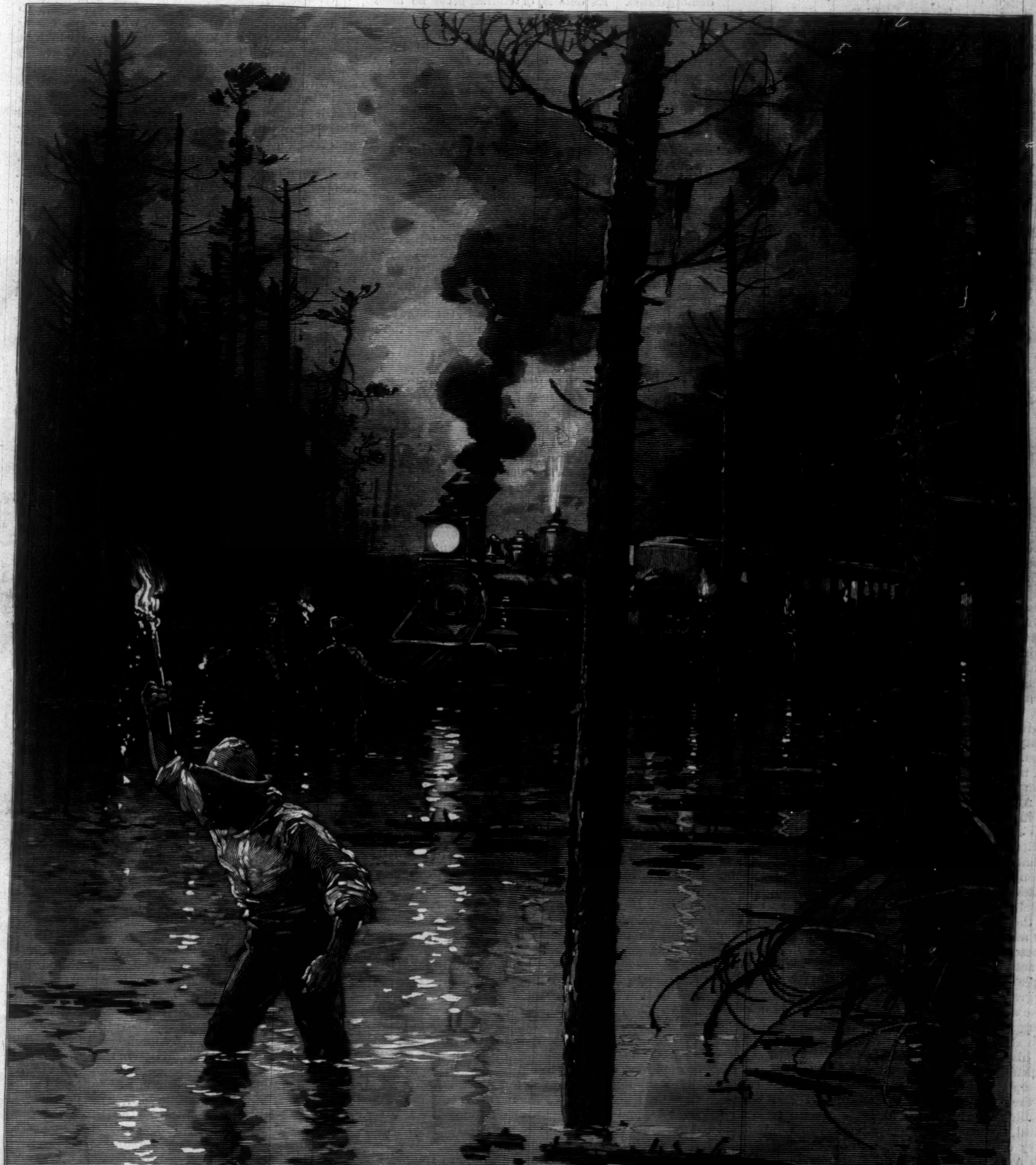


BROUGHT TO A STAND-STILL—AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOODS IN ALABAMA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM A PASSENGER'S NOTES.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

"An inexhaustible source of entertainment."—*Watchman, Boston.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.
An Illustrated Weekly.

The "Children's Industrial Exhibition," recently held in New York, is the subject of an article in the current issue, by Charles Barnard, *with illustrations of some of the most interesting articles exhibited.*

SILENT PETE;
OR, THE STOWAWAYS.
By the Author of "Toby Tyler," "Tim and Tip," etc.

is the serial story now running. "Jo's Opportunity" is concluded in this number.

Other stories and articles are, "A Sister's Sacrifice," "Lammen Fort," "Something About Chickens"; and an illustrated poem by Miss McDermott, *entitled "April and the Easter Holidays."*

The principal illustration is a full-page picture of two dogs, bearing the title of "Othello and Desdemona."

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage-stamps.*

THE EASTER NUMBER OF "HARPER'S BAZAR,"

published April 17, will contain a superb Double-page Illustration *of* "Easter Morning," *by* Alfred Fredericks; *a characteristic New England story, entitled* "Grandma's Easter," *by the popular author* Rose Terry Cooke, *with three beautiful illustrations by* Frederic Dielman; *a fine art picture, "Delia in the Country"; a tinted and illuminated cover, designed by* W. Hamilton Gibson; *and a rich collection of Easter articles, poems, and other matter appropriate to the season.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, April 17, 1886.

THE ARBITRATION BILL.

We have stated what seems to us to be a fair view of the right of every man to work upon his own terms, and to employ others on terms acceptable to himself. We do not say, nor have we implied, any right to control one's property to the detriment of others, or in an unfriendly spirit toward others. Nor have we denied, what is obvious, and what history proves, that these rights will sooner or later in some form come into collision, and that the changed conditions which attend the progressive development of civilization, while they cannot affect such rights, do greatly modify the methods in which it is wise and humane to exercise them. The attitude of labor—using the word as descriptive of work done for daily wages—toward capital is very different from what it was formerly. With the progress of invention, the enormous consolidation of corporate capital, and the free education and equal political power of the laborer, the power of labor organization is incalculable. At the present time an immense part of the travel and transport of this country depends upon railroads, and correspondence throughout the Union is largely carried on by the telegraph. Two or three summers ago the apprehension of a sudden and simultaneous desertion of the telegraph by the operators, from Maine to California, produced an indescribable excitement, because of the plain perception of the disastrous consequences. The consequences of a similar abandonment of work by all the railroad employés can be imagined. The employés are not ignorant of the mighty power, under such circumstances, of associated action. They have preferred to organize as workingmen, not as citizens, and to seek their objects by direct action upon employers rather than by legislation. The American who lives by wages is not a theorist, and in general he is not a Socialist in the European sense of the word. He aims directly to better his condition, not to reconstruct society.

That he does this often in a very mistaken way is evident, and his disregard of equal rights is one of the greatest of wrongs. The right of a man to decide for himself where, how, and for how much he will work, like the right to decide for himself whom he will employ and how much he will pay, is sacred. Violation of these rights is subversive of society itself. But without active interference with others the power of the simple inaction of all the employés upon a railroad or of a great factory is enormous. The changed situation of the world of enterprise and labor, therefore, naturally suggests and compels some simple and practicable method of adjusting differences, not between a citizen and his gardener, but between corporations owning a thousand miles of railroad and the tens of thousands of employés upon whose constant labor the service and the value of the railroad depend. It is, of course, possible, as we have said, for labor to organize against capital, and for capital to organize against labor, and to try conclusions of endurance. But not only is such a situation fatal to the common interest, but it entails immense personal suffering upon the innocent and helpless, and leads directly to the most sanguinary convulsions.

In such a conflict the right cannot be assumed always to be with one side, nor will it be immediately evident in a dispute between two vast interests what justice demands. Moreover, in a situation so serious, the wise course cannot be determined by abstract considerations. It may be a sound theoretical principle that a government ought not to treat with armed rebels. But it may be the height of wisdom under certain circumstances to do so, and by doing so justice may be subserved and friendly relations restored. The peaceful practical relation of organized capital and labor is one of the most important of modern questions, and when honest differences arise involving the general welfare, the most reasonable course to pursue is that adopted by wise neighbors who, instead of fighting or going to law, resort to arbitration. Arbitration, indeed, must be voluntary, because the law cannot rightfully compel a man to pay more or to receive less than a certain sum for labor, unless it has been fairly stipulated. Arbitration is the frequent recourse of differing interests. In France and other countries courts of arbitration are of the highest public and private service. In England the immense advantage of arbitration has been conclusively demonstrated. Its details, of course, must be most carefully considered and arranged. The business of a great industry, of a factory, a railroad, a steam-ship service, cannot be constantly interrupted by petty issues. But a friendly disposition, even with the strongest conviction of rights, will settle many a difference happily which otherwise, by mere self-assertion, would lead to enormous loss upon both sides. The arbitration bill just passed in the House gives the sanction of Congress to this method of settling disputes, and it authorizes arbitrators to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers. The bill also provides for compensating the participants in the proceedings, including witnesses, limiting the sum in any one case to $1000—a provision which we presume will be challenged by strict constructionists in the Senate. The bill is significant as a sign of Congressional good-will. But it does not exclude other forms of arbitration upon which differing interests may agree. When Congress proposes a simple and fair method of adjusting serious differences, even if it cannot enforce it, the moral assumption will be against the party that refuses to resort to it.

MR. GLADSTONE'S IRISH SCHEME.

It is not an extravagance of speech to say that the eyes of the world were fixed upon Mr. Gladstone when he arose in the House of Commons to move his Irish bill. The greatest of living statesmen, at the close of what even the London *Times*, while warmly opposing him, truly calls a splendid Parliamentary career, proposes a scheme satisfactorily, justly, and finally, in his judgment, to unite Ireland with England after centuries of oppression and alienation. An English statesman could not address himself to a nobler task, nor could a splendid Parliamentary career end more splendidly than in the endeavor nobly to accomplish it, even if it should fail. At the age of seventy-six the praise of a great statesman is all the greater if in dealing with a question so vast he proposes the method of a permanent settlement, instead of seeking a temporary arrangement which inevitably results in continuing contest and disaster. There was an earlier English statesman, "the bad earl," whose motto in Ireland as elsewhere was "thorough." This also, in an exactly opposite sense—a sense of friendship, of reason, of domestic peace—is the motto of Mr. Gladstone.

The excitement of the occasion was unprecedented, and it will be historical. The circumstances recall the accounts of Grattan's speech upon moving in the old Irish Parliament, on the 17th of April, 1782, that "there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, nor any Parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country save only the Parliament of Ireland." At that time in Ireland there was the same universal public expectation, the same vast throngs filling the streets of Dublin many hours before the session would begin, and the same brilliant and distinguished assembly in the Parliament House. As last week in London, the Speaker took the chair at four o'clock. There was an official statement of the royal disposition toward Ireland. The profound silence of intense anticipation followed—an "awful moment," as a member of the Irish House who was present on the great day describes it—until, after "a solemn pause," "Mr. Grattan, slowly rising from his seat, commenced the most luminous, brilliant, and effective oration ever delivered in the Irish Parliament."

It was sublime, but it was not statesmanship. Two supreme legislatures within the same empire are impossible, and Mr. Gladstone's scheme is essentially different. It contemplates actual imperial sovereignty, with an Irish domestic legislature; a viceroy with command of the imperial troops in Ireland, and imperial supervision of the collection of customs, and their payment in the first instance toward the common expenditure. This is very far from the independent Parliament of Grattan. It recognizes the total defeat of the Grattan Parliament, and it is the only practicable home rule in one country related to another as Ireland is related to England. The scheme does not recognize the fundamental right asserted by Grattan. It is an act of the Imperial Parliament, which passes, if at all, by its authority, and by the same authority it can be repealed. The highest tribute to the scheme as a work of practical statesmanship is the comment of Mr. Parnell: "I believe the measure will be cheerfully accepted by the Irish people and their representatives as a satisfactory solution of the long-standing dispute between the two countries, and as tending to prosperity and peace in Ireland, and to satisfaction in England." The result of the vote after the debate will now be awaited with hardly less interest than the speech of Mr. Gladstone.

THE CARROLLTON MASSACRE.

The strongest and most tenacious reason of the distrust which so long excluded the Democratic party from power was the treatment of the colored race in the Southern States, and the most forcible appeal now made against its ascendency is in the name of the wrongs still done to that race. The opposition to the doctrine of State sovereignty, which was so long maintained by the Democratic party, and which at last was asserted in arms by those in the Southern States who held it, was a doctrine obviously inconsistent with the national existence in any legitimate sense, but it was so radically disposed of by the war that it would not of itself have fostered a continual distrust. But the conduct of the Southern Democracy in attempting to perpetuate a form of slavery under Andrew Johnson led to the embittered debates upon reconstruction, and determined its character. That conduct confirmed the distrust, and the Democratic suppression of the colored vote in many parts of the Southern States, both by violence and by fraud, has prolonged and still strengthens that distrust, which will be the "strongest hold" of the Republican party, as Mr. Blaine instinctively felt in the hour of his defeat, until the just reason of the distrust disappears.

There are signs of its gradual disappearance, and as it is no longer contended that the national government can deal directly with wrongs to the citizens of any State, who must invoke local redress, the prospects of the Democratic party depend quite as much upon the treatment of colored citizens in the Southern States as upon any single point. An incident like that at Carrollton the other day at once tests this feeling. Fifteen and sixteen years ago Harper's Weekly, with other Republican journals, constantly called attention to the significant silence, or worse, of the Southern press, when the Ku-Klux outrages were at their height, and the colored people were made to suffer for the angry disappointment of the white population at the total failure of Andrew Johnson's reaction and the enforcement of Republican reconstruction. That tone is changed. The story from Carrollton has all the old familiar character. A body of white men ride into a village in the morning, enter a court-house where a crowd is collected, deliberately massacre half a dozen colored men, and ride away unmolested. Some of the Southern papers, and notably the Vicksburg *Herald*, take the old tone. "The whites were exasperated, and possibly committed excesses; but blood will tell in a race conflict, and if Ohio or England had as many colored people as Mississippi, they would have more trouble with them." This is the view that would have been universally presented fifteen or twenty years ago. But happily it is now very exceptional, and all the chief papers in the Southern States have spoken in manly and emphatic condemnation of the bloody wrong, and agree with President Cleveland that it is a shame to the civilization of the State.

It remains, of course, to be seen whether the journals express the real opinion of the community. If they do, the most thorough investigation will be made, and justice will be done upon the assassins. But if the local authorities do nothing, and the massacre is treated merely as a "regrettable" incident of a kind to be expected, the old and reasonable distrust of the party which has absolute control of all official action in the Southern States will be renewed and strengthened. The massacre at Carrollton, it is true, is in itself no worse than the massacre and persecution of the Chinese upon the Pacific slope. Murder is always murder, and both crimes disgrace the American name. But the slaughter of the Chinese is not associated with a political party, and has no political significance whatever. On the other hand, the Carrollton massacre, if unredressed and apparently unobserved by the community, will confirm the conviction that the comrades of those who are openly slaughtered amid an indifferent community will certainly not be suffered by that community to vote against its will. The consequences of such a feeling are obvious, and the Democratic party cannot allow such a revolting crime as that at Carrollton to pass unrebuked and unpunished. If no remedy for such wrongs exists in Mississippi, a remedy will be found out of Mississippi. The election of 1884 was not a sign of confidence in a party, but in a man. Distrust of his party was set off by other considerations which, after the lesson of that campaign, are not likely to recur, and it is the plain policy of the Democratic party to prove that the President, in his view of the Carrollton massacre, as in his views of administrative reform, speaks for his party.

AN AMUSING SPEECH.

It is long since there has been so entertaining a speech as that of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, against administrative reform. Indeed, since Don Quixote assailed the windmills, peacefully promoting the public benefit, as wicked giants of oppression, there has been nothing in its way more amusing than Senator Vance valiantly attacking as the archenemy of Republican institutions a reform which would make politics a little more decent. The Senator patiently followed the Republican Senators Spooner and Ingalls, and the Senatorial eulogists of the Vice-President, in celebrating party spirit as the brightest of patriotic virtues, and he echoed again the comical taunts of Sunday-school politics and effeminate politicians with the same old charming confidence that nothing is so virile in politics as turning out a scrub-woman because her husband belongs to the other party, and nothing so manly as dismissing an efficient and satisfactory postmaster because he doubts or does not doubt the policy of protection.

But if Senator Vance will forgive us for treating his excellent extravaganza for a moment seriously, we will apprise him that after his elaborate vindication of the great truth, which has the great advantage of being questioned by nobody, that ours is a government of parties, he forgot to remark two things: one, the nature of parties; and the other, the fact that civil service reform holds parties to their true functions. The Senator knows, of course, although he omitted to state, that whenever a constitutional country is not divided into parties by questions of public policy which they seek to embody in legislation, parties are merely combinations to secure the emoluments of place, and have no essential significance whatever. Now the Senator cannot mention a great question, not the tariff, the currency, foreign policy, administrative reform, Indian affairs, the Mormons, arbitration, nor any other question of immediate interest, upon which the parties in this country are divided as against each other. Indeed, his speech is the confession that his own party is torn asunder upon the momentous issue of possession of the post-offices. This is now the situation of parties. They represent no cardinal difference. The Democrats have been in power for a year, and have certainly introduced no great change of public policy; and if the Republicans should come in to-morrow, they would do only what the Democrats are doing.

The second point omitted by the Senator is that nothing perverts parties from their legitimate office so much as the scramble for spoils. The purpose of a party is to secure a certain policy of administration. Party organization is designed to affect public opinion by argument and appeal to the public intelligence, and to make effective the expression of the popular will. Whatever tends to prevent an election by bribery or intimidation, or by false and secondary issues, from truly revealing that will, destroys the very object of party organization. This is what the spoils system does. Instead of submitting questions of public policy to the public judgment, it merely invites a furious contest for the salary of every petty place in the service. Consequently good citizens, however much they may desire a change of administration, are unwilling to secure it at the cost of a universal disturbance of the public service, and vote not for a change of policy, but to avoid that disaster. Thus the result of a contest involving all the enormous spoils of the entire civil service is the total defeat of government by party. With the *naïf* inconsequence of the spoils politician, the humorous Senator from North Carolina, having emphasized the necessity of party, proceeded to insist upon a policy which more than anything else defeats the object of party. But he will forgive us for taking him seriously even for a moment, since it is plain that he did not take himself seriously. His thoroughness of ignorance of the reform bill and its methods, together with his elaborate affirmation of undisputed truths, buttressed and bulwarked by conclusive citations from other statesmen, shows that his humane purpose was to relieve the late rather arid debates of the Chamber by a little fun. The Senator accomplished his beneficent purpose, for a funnier speech has not been heard during the session.

THE PEOPLE'S REFORM.

The *Civil Service Reformer* for April, published in Baltimore, contains a letter to the Knights of Labor upon administrative reform, by Dr. Richard T. Ely, professor in the Johns Hopkins University, and a well-known student of the labor question. We could easily quarrel with Dr. Ely's representation of the reform movement as too "respectable"—a statement which shows a singular misconception of the nature and development of all reform movements, and needlessly injures the cause that he would serve. We should certainly question also the wisdom of State ownership of all telegraphs, telephones, and railroads, as favored by Professor Ely, and which has no pertinence to the subject of this paper.

But with the general object of his letter we cordially sympathize, namely, to show that the spoils system is essentially exclusive and aristocratic, and that administrative reform is peculiarly a movement of equal rights and of the people. Senator Gorman's demagogic fling at "educated" street laborers is the taunt of a boss who naturally likes to fill the public service with his private henchmen, and pay them from the public purse. Is an intelligent man less likely to work well than an ignorant one? And as it is the people who are to be served, is there any sound reason that they should not require intelligent ability rather than ignorant ability in their service?

The truth is that nobody is so much concerned in a sensible and economical public service as the people who are not rich. The reform demands equal rights for every citizen, rich or poor, and whether he has or has not a "politician" to push him. Its motto is, Let the best man win, and if there be any principle less aristocratic, perhaps Mr. Bennett, of North Carolina, who insists that the spoils ought to belong to the victors, will mention it.

A NEW QUARTERLY.

Among the new and important periodical publications the *Political Science Quarterly*, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College, and published by Ginn & Co., is well worthy attention. The first number, dated March, 1886, contains several admirable articles, of which the object is plainly not a "sensation," but a fresh and thorough treatment of timely topics which require some space for proper consideration, and which are of permanent interest.

In a paragraph we cannot specially mention all the papers in this number, We will note only that the article upon "The American Commonwealth," by Professor John W. Burgess, contains a new and striking view of the historic tendency of our institutions. The admirable quality of the article is its true scientific spirit in the highest sense. The author is embarrassed neither by tradition nor party sympathy, nor by zeal to make a case. But with ample knowledge and dialectical skill he analyzes the just significance of unquestionable facts. His work is done in the best temper, and the paper is unusually interesting.

The *Political Science Quarterly* begins with high promise.

INTERESTING FIGURES.

Comptroller Chapin, of New York, has made recently a special report upon salaries and taxation and revenue, which contains a great deal of valuable information, and states facts which are probably unsuspected by most New-Yorkers. The State pay-roll contains the names of 6000 persons, besides teachers, to whom there is annually paid about $5,000,000. But the clerical force of the State is not classified with a view to salary, and there is no legal provision of the amount to be paid for any kind of clerical service. In fact, the State service was not classified at all until Colonel Burt, as Chief Examiner of the State Reform Commission, made such a classification.

The Comptroller favors a fixed term for clerical subordinates, and removal for cause only. His official experience naturally gives weight to his opinion; but due subordination and proper flexibility in any service depend so much upon the power of summary change when necessary that it seems most desirable to abolish, so far as possible, all motive for an arbitrary and wrongful use of the power of removal, rather than to create a kind of vested right in place. In this respect the public service should be assimilated to private service as nearly as possible.

A very interesting part of the report is the annex of tables showing the relative increase of the two great neighbors, New York and Pennsylvania. This is traced in the figures of cities, towns, and counties, showing that the actual increase in the two States from 1870 to 1880 was 700,112 in New York, and 760,940 in Pennsylvania, the per cent. of increase in New York being 15.97, and in Pennsylvania 21.60. In eight counties in New York there was an actual decrease, but in only one county in Pennsylvania. The reasoning of the report upon changes in methods of taxation we have no space to discuss. The Comptroller renews his recommendation of last year for financial reform, beginning with the conversion into cash of the four and one-quarter millions of the school fund. They are the well-considered suggestions of a sagacious public officer.

MR. POWDERLY'S VIEWS.

Senator Hawley recently described Mr. Powderly as "a man of more conservatism and standing in the country than some men upon the floor of the Senate." This view is confirmed by the words and the conduct of Mr. Powderly, who, although he has been very ill during the strike of the Knights of Labor, has shown a perfectly sound judgment. He says:

> "The Knights of Labor are not statesmen, philosophers, great scholars, or anything of that kind. Their hours of labor are long, and they have little time or money to invest in education. It is natural they may have made some mistakes, but I am satisfied that the great majority of the men have their hearts in the right place, and have no wish or intention of violating the law, and are in hearty sympathy with the spirit and letter of my secret circular. There is one good that will result from this strike, whatever happens. It will give the people an insight into the management of railroads. A railroad that gets its charter from the government and urges and invites people to settle along its line is responsible, it seems to me, to the people and the government that the road should remain open. If they fail to keep their contract, the government should take a hand in the matter.
>
> "There is one thing that I shall insist upon as soon as I get well, and that is to have a special committee appointed to make a thorough investigation of the cause and everything relating to this last strike. The committee shall visit all points along the road and make a most careful investigation of every detail. Persons found in any way to have interfered, except in a peaceful and lawful manner, with the running of trains or injuring the property of the railroad companies, wherever situated, will, if members of the K. of L., be expelled and prosecuted. I propose that this investigation shall hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may. No organization can live and sanction violations of the laws that govern the land. When we have the light of this investigation we will be able to pass judgment on the conduct of this strike, from beginning to end, and fix the responsibility for the trouble on the parties who are at fault. The committee will be appointed as soon as possible."

If Mr. Powderly is correct, and the Knights of Labor are such as he describes, and those who have violated the law should be dealt with by the fraternity as he suggests, the Knights will be sure of the sympathy of the country. There is no doubt of the frequent abuse of the power of great corporations, nor of the disposition to restrain such abuse in every lawful way. Nor is there any question of the right of employés to decide upon what terms they will be employed. But having so decided, there should be no doubt that they will honorably observe those terms.

Those Knights of Labor who are law-respecting citizens must not confound a determination to defend the equal rights of those who are not Knights of Labor to work upon their own terms, with a cruel desire to enslave any body of citizens. If the views of Mr. Powderly should prove to be those of his associates, the result will be most fortunate.

PERSONAL.

From a letter written to a friend by Mrs. Lew Wallace we learn that the General was seven years in writing *Ben Hur*, and that his most difficult problem was to give details of battle, love-making, social life, and adventure, while keeping the Christ-child in the mind of the reader as the central figure. Estimating five readers to every buyer of the book, more than four hundred thousand persons have read *Ben Hur*. Translations of it have been made into German and Turkish. Mrs. Wallace pronounces the portrait of her husband in a recent number of this journal to be a good likeness.

—Who says that conversation is a lost art? An immense placard on the exterior wall of a Bowery Dime Museum announces the presence of the returned filibusters from Turk's Island and Honduras, "who will relate hourly an interesting story of the strange incidents of the voyage."

—Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer does not conceal from his friends his satisfaction over the success of the *Star*, of which he is editor and proprietor. His idea was to produce a paper supporting the principles of a Democratic administration, without being in any sense an administration organ; and at the same time, by excluding the sensational and the coarse, to insure for the *Star* a welcome at the hearth. He has already accomplished this purpose, and the *Star* is about to take possession of the commodious seven-story iron building at Park Place and Broadway. Governor Dorsheimer is a brilliant orator and vigorous writer, as well as a political leader, and he seems to take to journalism naturally.

—Sometimes the phrenologist hits it off happily, as in the following words appended to a photograph of the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church: "Has a very intelligent countenance, large development of the moral faculties, and great intuition. Has considerable tact in judging and dealing with human nature. Would make a good college or society president."

—Professor Max Müller, having translated "God save the Queen" into Sanskrit, some of his fellow-students have criticised his style with severity. As usual, however, he keeps his temper. "Sanskrit scholars," he comprehensively observes, "are not very proud as yet of their style. We are all learners in Sanskrit."

—Mr. Andrew Lang describes Miss Thackeray as the best successor of Jane Austen, and declares that she adds fresh lustre to a name that in fiction equals Jane Austen's.

—Mr. F. D. Millet's classically draped figure "The Handmaid," reproduced by wood-engraving in the last number of Harper's Weekly, is the most beautiful piece of modelling at the sixty-first annual exhibition of the National Academy, and seems to show that his friends were right when they told him that he could become even a better painter than a war correspondent or a college lecturer.

—Mr. Whistler, the artist, who is expected to deliver his "Ten o'clock" lecture in this country next autumn, spent most of his boyhood in Stonington, Connecticut, on the shore of Long Island Sound. His father was a principal stockholder in the first railroad constructed between Stonington and Providence, and one of the first locomotives used on the road was named after him, The Whistler.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway, after a residence of twenty-two years in London, speaks of the tremendous force of that city in remoulding the personalities of those who go there to stay—a force as wonderful as it is irresistible. For instance, Cardinal Manning, he says, went there with a bent toward metaphysics and scholastic theology, but is now absorbed in the problem of how best to reform drunkards; on every St. Patrick's Day he exerts his great influence to get Irishmen to promise not to enter a bar-room. The late Mr. Rossetti, once a dreamy transcendentalist who painted Madonnas, chose for his subjects in later years his wife and a hospital nurse. Mr. Spurgeon relinquishes much of his earlier attention to Calvinism, and preaches "practical sermons" on the duties of every-day life. Many similar instances are given by Mr. Conway to enforce his point.

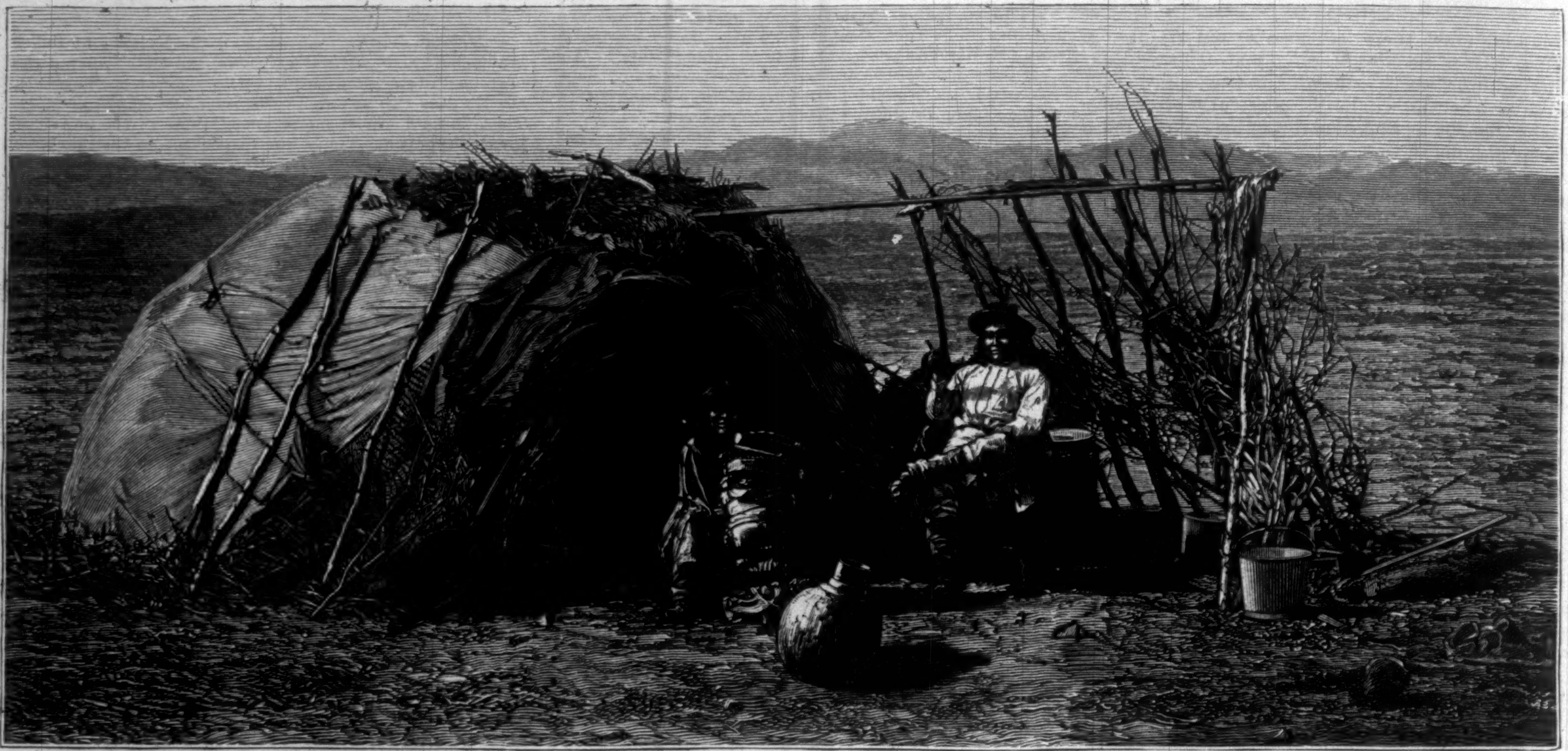
—The Indianapolis *Journal*, accepting as true the report now going the rounds of the press that Mr. Thomas Nast has recently bought the controlling interest in a couple of silver mines out West, says, in friendly comment: "Thomas Nast uses his pencil to show that Uncle Sam is lame in one leg because of the silver surplus, but he turns right around and puts his own money into Colorado mines. The caricaturist has just bought a half interest in two lodes." To all of which Mr. Nast simply replies: "*If* I owned a 'half interest' in every silver mine in the United States, I would not change my mind as to the absurdity of Congress having the power to make seventy-nine cents a dollar."

—A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Nice, mentions, among the attractions of that winter resort during the Carnival season: "From every mast-head the gayest of bunting is flying. James Gordon Bennett has his floating palace here, and his crew are smoking cigarettes on the forecastle."

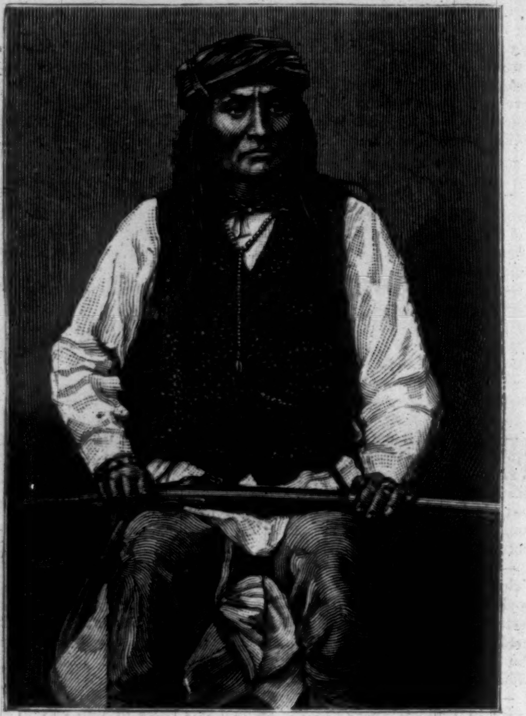
—An exhibition of "nocturnes, arrangements, and harmonies" by Mr. Whistler, in a room decorated in brown paper and gold, will soon be given in London.

—Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, wants the inhabitants of that city to sing Scotch songs instead of German and Italian ones, and condemns them for considering it vulgar to do so. He believes that the school-children would get more good out of Scotch songs than out of all the Latin and Greek he ever heard of.

—Last year the *Saturday Review* warned the owner of the *Genesta* that it was a hopeless task to try to beat the *Puritan*. This year it warns the owner of the English yacht *Galatea* that he will commit a grave mistake and will court a disastrous defeat in sailing for the *America's* cup, for the reason that he will have to contend against a centre-board, which is not a yacht, but only a racing-machine. "To sail an English yacht against a racing-machine is an absurdity, and any English yachtsman who crosses the Atlantic to sail for the cup will possibly be thought to go on a fool's errand." This may not settle the long-disputed question as to the comparative speed of centre-boards and keels, but it will give unconcealed pleasure to many American yachtsmen.



AN APACHE CAMP.



MANGUS.

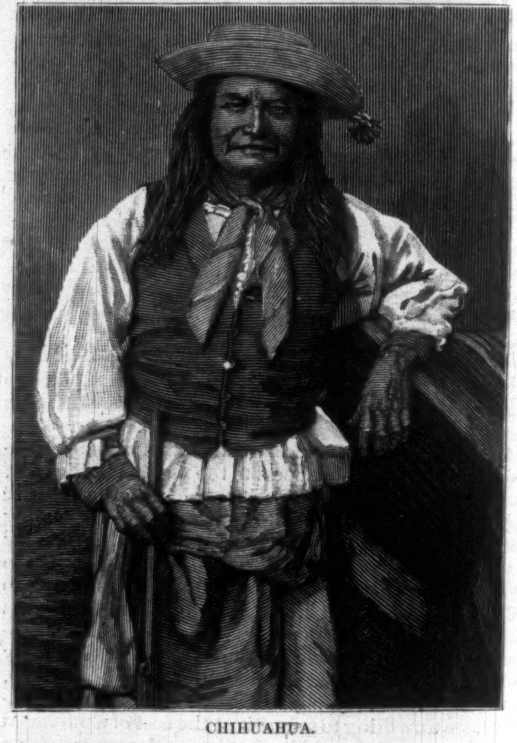
GERONIMO'S AIDS.

Though Geronimo, the Chiricahua Apache chieftain, is the real leader as well as the nominal chieftain of the marauding hostiles who have become known as "**Geronimo**'s band," he has had very able counsellors and desperate companions in Chiefs **Nana**, **Mangus**, and **Chihuahua**. **Chihuahua** and **Nana**, who were the most troublesome hostiles next to **Geronimo** himself, were among those captured and brought to Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory, on April 2. There General **Crook** met **Chihuahua**, who proved as treacherous to his recent chief in words as he had proved to the whites in deeds. "**Geronimo**," he said, to clear himself of all blame, "has been the cause of all the outrages. He forced us off the reservation by lies. I must die some time. If you punish too hard, you and your officers have families, and love them much. So have I." After this appeal for mercy, the next that was heard of **Chihuahua** was that, having escaped, he had met **Geronimo** after his escape, and that they were both in Mexico, with their warriors and squaws.

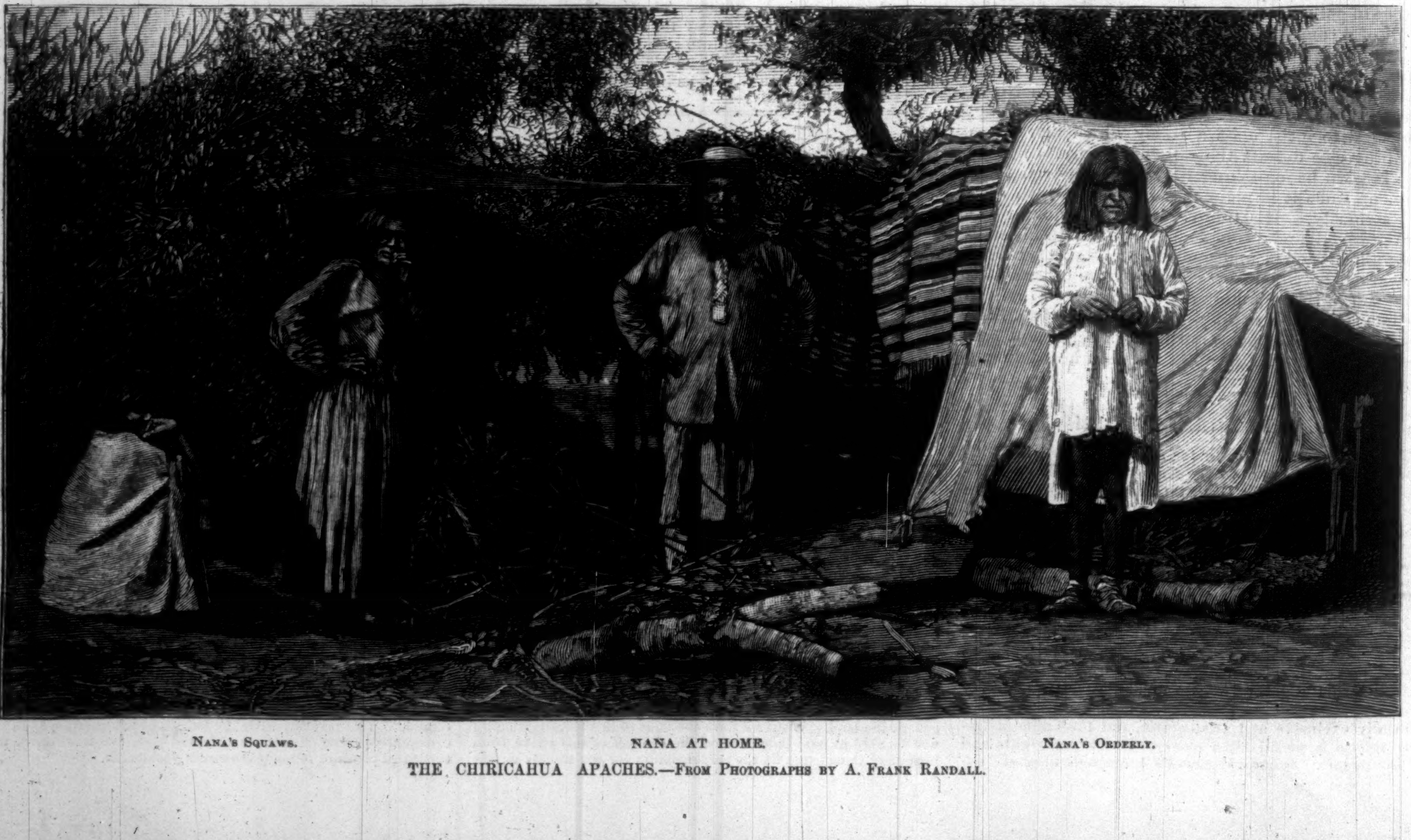
Nana is thought by the residents of New Mexico and the officers of the army to be in great measure responsible for the whole hostile career of the Apaches. He is a no less desperate or treacherous chief than **Geronimo** himself. He affects a certain pomp by requiring his orderly to follow him at a respectful distance whenever he goes out, and he is accompanied on every march, too, by his squaws. He is now a captive.

Chief **Mangus** is the second of his name who has been a terror on the frontier. He is a son of the old Chief **Mangus**, of Colorado, whose depredations filled an earlier chapter in Indian history.

Chihuahua, **Nana**, the minor chiefs **Kutle** and **Alseanna**, and seventy-two other Apaches, men, women, and children, the results of recent captures by General **Crook**'s command, were sent on April 7 from Fort Bowie to Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, Florida, as prisoners of war. There are said now to be only thirty-four hostiles on the war-path in Arizona, against ninety-six two weeks ago.



CHIHUAHUA.



Nana's Squaws. NANA AT HOME. Nana's Orderly.

THE CHIRICAHUA APACHES.—From Photographs by A. Frank Randall.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

As Donald stated, Lucetta had retired early to her room because of fatigue. She had, however, not gone to rest, but sat in the bedside chair reading, and thinking over the events of the day. At the ringing of the door-bell by Henchard she wondered who it should be that would call at that comparatively late hour. The dining-room was almost under her bedroom; she could hear that somebody was admitted there, and presently the indistinct murmur of a person reading became audible.

The usual time for Donald's arrival upstairs came and passed, yet still the reading and conversation went on. This was very singular. She could think of nothing but that some extraordinary crime had been committed, and that the visitor, whoever he might be, was reading an account of it from a special edition of the *Casterbridge Chronicle.* At last she left the room, and descended the stairs. The dining-room door was ajar, and in the silence of the resting household the voice and the words were recognizable before she reached the lower flight. She stood transfixed, her own words greeted her, in Henchard's voice, like spirits from the grave.

Lucetta leaned upon the banister with her cheek against the smooth hand-rail, as if she would make a friend of it in her misery. Rigid in this position, more and more words fell successively upon her ear. But what amazed her most was the tone of her husband. He spoke merely in the accents of a man who made a present of his time.

"One word," he was saying, as the crackling of paper denoted that Henchard was unfolding yet another sheet. "Is it quite fair to this young woman's memory to read at such length to a stranger what was intended for your eye alone?"

"Well, yes," said Henchard. "By not giving her name I make it an example of all womankind, and not a scandal to one."

"If I were you I would destroy them," said Farfrae, giving more thought to the letters than he had hitherto done. "As another man's wife, it would injure the woman if it were known."

"No, I shall not destroy them," murmured Henchard, putting the letters away. Then he arose, and Lucetta heard no more.

She went back to her bedroom in a semi-paralyzed state. For very fear she could not undress, but sat on the edge of the bed, waiting. Would Henchard let out the secret in his parting words? Her suspense was terrible. Had she confessed all to Donald in their early acquaintance he might possibly have got over it, and married her just the same—unlikely as it had seemed; but for her or any one else to tell him now would be fatal.

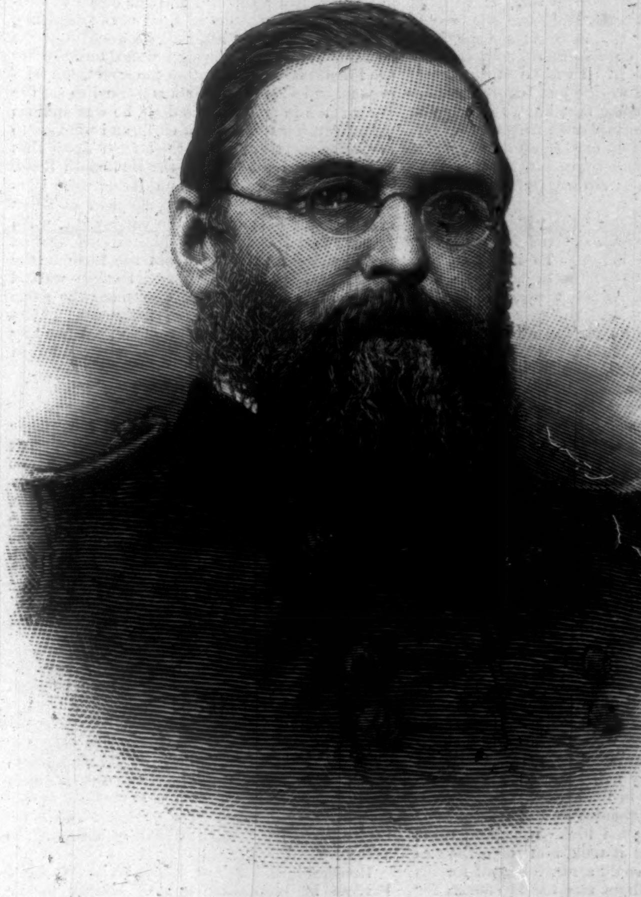
The door slammed: she could hear her husband bolting it. After looking round in his customary way he came leisurely up the stairs. The spark in her eyes well-nigh went out when he appeared round the bedroom door. Her gaze hung doubtful for a moment, then to her joyous amazement she saw that he looked at her with the rallying smile of one who had just been relieved of a scene that was irksome. She could hold out no longer, and sobbed hysterically.

When he had restored her, Farfrae naturally enough spoke of Henchard. "Of all men he was the least desirable as a visitor," he said. "But it is my belief that he's just a bit crazed. He has been reading to me a long lot of letters relating to his past life; and I could do no less than indulge him by listening."

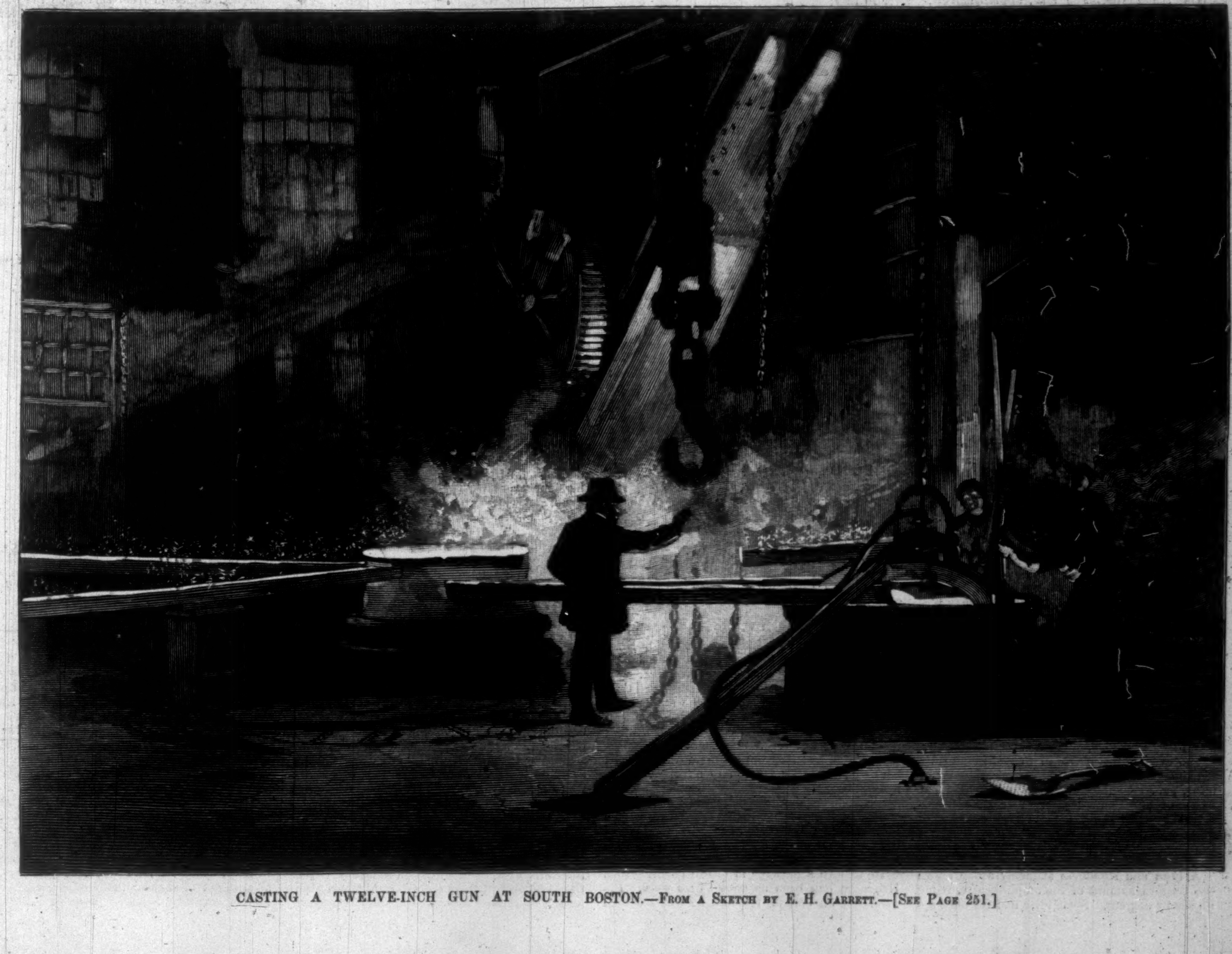
This was sufficient. Henchard, then, had not told. Henchard's last words to Farfrae, in short, as he stood on the door-step had been these: "Well, I'm much obliged to ye for listening. I may tell more about her some day."

Finding this, she was much perplexed as to his motives in opening the matter at all; for in such cases we attribute to an enemy a power of consistent action which we never find in ourselves or in our friends; and forget that abortive efforts from want of heart are as possible to revenge as to generosity.

Next morning Lucetta remained in bed, meditating how to parry this incipient attack. The bold stroke of telling Donald the truth, dimly conceived, was yet too bold.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH H. POTTER, U.S.A.
Photographed by Brady, Washington, D.C.—[See Page 254.]



CASTING A TWELVE-INCH GUN AT SOUTH BOSTON.—From a Sketch by E. H. Garrett.—[See Page 251.]

She decided to employ artifice—not with Donald, but with the enemy himself. It seemed the only practicable weapon left her as a woman. Having laid her plan, she rose, and wrote to him who kept her on these tenter-hooks:

"I overheard your interview with my husband last night—and saw the drift of your revenge. The very thought of it crushes me. Have pity on a wretched woman." Thus far she wrote truly. She added: "If you could see me, you would relent. You do not know how anxiety has told upon me lately. I will be at the Ring at the time you leave work—just before the sun goes down. Please come that way to assure me you will carry this horse-play no further."

To herself she said, on closing up this appeal: "If ever tears, artifice, hypocrisy, have served the weak to fight the strong, let them do so now."

With this view she spent the whole afternoon in making a toilet which differed from all she had ever attempted before. To heighten her natural attractions had hitherto been the unvarying endeavor of her adult life, and one in which she was no novice. But now she systematically proceeded to impair the natural presentation. In two hours she had produced upon her naturally pretty though slightly worn features the aspect of a countenance withering, aging, sickly—a head of hair with a few incipient gray threads; in brief, prematurely wrecked by extreme sorrow. The chemist up the street, who eked out a meagre drug trade by scented soaps, cosmetics, and disfiguring ointments of various kinds, was three or four times requisitioned for this proceeding. By the time she had sicklied herself to her mind, the hour had arrived.

It was with a shudder, almost with a terror, that she beheld in the glass what she had done. It seemed too real. If her dear husband should meet her he would surely believe that this was her true aspect, and that her hitherto charming lineaments had been the counterfeit of art.

To avoid this contingency she veiled herself, and slipped out of the house quickly. The sun was resting on the hill like a drop of blood on an eyelid by the time she had got up the road opposite the amphitheatre, which she speedily entered. The interior was shadowy, and emphatic of the absence of every living thing. Lucetta descended, and paused in the arena breathless.

She was not disappointed in the fearful hope with which she awaited him. Henchard came over the top, and as it took him some time to scramble down, she could arrange herself for his reception. The daylight was feeble enough for her to venture on boldly lifting her veil without running the risk of his scenting artifice. His manner as he came down was one of cynical carelessness, but when he reached a distance of two or three yards only, she saw a change. He was evidently shocked, put away his cynical half-smile, and said, in a kindly subdued tone, "Good-night t'ye. Of course I'm glad to come if you want me, any time."

"Oh, thank you," she said, apprehensively, there being certainly no trick in that.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill," he stammered, with unconcealed compunction.

She shook her head. "How can you be sorry," she asked, "when you deliberately cause it?"

"What?" said Henchard, uneasily. "Is it anything I have done that has pulled you down like that?"

"It is all your doing," said she. "I have no other grief. My happiness would be secure enough but for your threats. Oh, Michael, don't wreck me like this! When you look at me, and see what you have brought me to, you might think that you have done enough. When I came here I was a young woman; now I am rapidly becoming an old one. Neither my husband nor any other man will regard me with interest long."

The half-truth in this strengthened the power of her simulation. Henchard was disarmed. His old feeling of supercilious pity for womankind was brought out by the perception that she was no longer attractive. A poor, withered, worn-out woman was such very small deer to hunt that he felt ashamed, lost all zest and desire for Lucetta there and then, and no longer envied Farfrae his bargain. He had married money, but nothing more. Henchard was anxious to wash his hands of the game.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he said. "I am sure I shall be very willing. My reading of those letters was only a sort of practical joke; and I revealed nothing."

"To give me back the letters, and any paper you may have that breathes of matrimony."

"So be it. Every scrap shall be yours.... But between you and me, Lucetta, he is sure to find out something of the matter, sooner or later."

"Ah!" she said, with eager tremulousness; "but not till I have proved myself a faithful and deserving wife to him, and then he may forgive me everything."

Henchard silently looked at her: he almost envied Farfrae such love as that, even now. "H'm—I hope so," he said. "But you shall have the letters without fail. And your secret shall be kept. I swear it."

"How good you are!—how shall I get them?"

He reflected, and said he would send them by his landlord the next morning. "Now don't doubt me," he added. "I can keep my word."

The evening had closed in to night, and their remaining words were few. Respect, affinity of ideas, genial comradeship—the only permanent bases of affection between other than blood-relations—had never entered into Henchard's sentiments toward Lucetta, and now that her freshness and elasticity seemed to have departed, he experienced no passion for or against her.

A head and shoulders suddenly broke above the western summit of the amphitheatre, rising higher by degrees. Some idler had for once apparently chosen to ramble there. "Hist!" said Henchard. Lucetta pulled down her veil.

Before his wife came out that evening Farfrae had, without entering his house, gone from the corn stores into the town on a business which he had once before begun and abandoned. Henchard's visit had awakened a slight chord of feeling for him, by reason of their past friendship, and he resolved that, after all, he would do what he could toward purchasing the seed business for the fallen man. He went up the street, and having money in his purse, soon contrived to set the affair again in train. This done, he was anxious to let Henchard know of it early, and went on to his cottage. Here he learned from Jopp that Henchard had gone out by the Budmouth Road. Farfrae followed, but saw no Henchard. Confronted by the amphitheatre, eloquent at silent evening-time, he mounted the earth-work, when Lucetta and Henchard saw him at once against the sky, though he could not see them in the gloom of the vast concavity. Farfrae walked round on the summit, and descended the slope by the great entrance just as Henchard and Lucetta passed through it to come out. A meeting could not be avoided, and Henchard conducted himself boldly as was his wont.

"Ah! it is Henchard, I think?" said Donald.

"Yes," said Henchard.

"I have been looking for you; I have some news to tell ye. But no; I won't interrupt you now," Farfrae said, his eyes for the first time falling on the female figure.

"It don't matter," replied Henchard, quietly, perceiving that Donald had no suspicion as to the personality of his companion, owing to the unusual wrappings she wore. "Is the news serious?"

"'Tis good news," said Farfrae, cheerfully. "News I'm right glad to have to tell ye, man. About the seed business, you know. We shall be able to arrange it for ye after all."

They had walked on together through the gloom, Henchard drawing Lucetta's arm through his own to lend a delusive aspect to the rendezvous he had been surprised in, and keeping her on the outside. Farfrae proceeded to state the details of the proposal, which he did without reserve, being under the impression that if, as it seemed, Henchard were about to contract another marriage, he could have no secrets from his future partner.—"Well, an' will ye accept?" he asked.

Henchard, feeling how deeply he had wronged Farfrae in suspecting him of enmity to the scheme, could not reply at once. And a certain pride kept him from jumping at the offer. He thanked Donald for his exertions on his behalf, said he would think the matter over; adding, "I have still strong arms, you know, and can keep myself without assistance, as far as that goes."

"And will add another to yourself soon, apparently," said Farfrae, playfully, nodding to Henchard's companion. Henchard made no answer to this; and feeling himself one too many in such circumstances, Farfrae bade them good-night and went his way.

Lucetta and Henchard parted immediately Donald had left them, Lucetta passionately longing to get back to her husband, whose bearing toward Henchard had so moved her during her enforced silence as almost to lead her to fling her arms round his neck regardless of consequences. She crept in-doors like a shade, and ascended to her room. When she had restored herself to her natural hues, she went down and found her husband in the dining-room.

"Well, Lucetta, I've a bit of news for ye," he said, gayly. "I think poor Henchard is going to console himself by speculating in a wife once more. I met him courting just now."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Returning from her appointment, Lucetta had seen a man waiting by the lamp nearest to her own door. When she stopped to go in, he came and spoke to her. It was Jopp.

He begged her pardon for addressing her. But he had heard that Mr. Farfrae had been applied to by a neighboring corn-merchant to recommend a working partner; if so, he wished to offer himself. He could give good security, and had stated as much to Mr. Farfrae in a letter; but he would feel much obliged if Lucetta would say a word in his favor to her husband.

"It is a thing I know nothing about," said Lucetta, coldly.

"But you can testify to my trustworthiness better than anybody, ma'am," said Jopp. "I was in Jersey several years, and knew you there by sight."

"Indeed," she replied. "But I knew nothing of you."

"I think, ma'am, that a word or two from you would secure for me what I covet very much," he persisted.

She steadily refused to have anything to do with the affair, and cutting him short because of her anxiety to get in-doors before her husband should miss her, left him on the pavement.

He watched her till she had vanished, and then went home. When he got there he sat down in the fireless chimney-corner, looking at the iron dogs, and the wood laid across them for heating the morning kettle. A movement upstairs disturbed him, and Henchard came down from his bedroom, where he seemed to have been rummaging boxes.

"I wish," said Henchard, "you would do me a service, Jopp—now, to-night, I mean, if you can. Leave this at Mrs. Farfrae's for her. I should take it myself, of course, but I don't wish to be seen there."

He handed a package in brown paper, sealed. Henchard had been as good as his word. Immediately on coming in-doors he had searched over his few belongings, and every scrap of Lucetta's writing that he possessed was here. Jopp indifferently expressed his willingness.

"Well, how have ye got on to-day?" his lodger asked. "Any prospect of an opening?"

"I am afraid not," said Jopp, who had not told the other of his application to Farfrae.

"There never will be in Casterbridge," declared Henchard, decisively. "You must roam further afield." He said good-night to Jopp, and returned to his own part of the house.

Jopp sat on till his eyes were attracted by the shadow of the candle-snuff on the wall, and looking at the original he found that it had formed itself into a head like a red-hot cauliflower. Henchard's packet next met his gaze. He knew there had been something of the nature of wooing between Henchard and the now Mrs. Farfrae; and his vague ideas on the subject narrowed themselves down to these: Henchard had a parcel belonging to Mrs. Farfrae, and he had reasons for not returning that parcel to her in person. What could be inside it? So he went on and on, till, animated by resentment at Lucetta's haughtiness, as he thought it, and curiosity to learn if there were any weak sides to this transaction with Henchard, he examined the package. The pen and all its relations being awkward tools in Henchard's hands, he had affixed the seals without an impression, it never occurring to him that the efficacy of such a fastening depended on this. Jopp was far less of a tyro: he lifted one of the seals with his penknife, peeped in at the end thus opened, saw that the bundle consisted of letters, and having satisfied himself thus far, sealed up the end again by simply softening the wax with the candle, and went off with the parcel as requested.

His path was by the river-side at the foot of the town. Coming into the light at the bridge which stood at the end of High Street, he beheld lounging thereon Mother Cuxsom and Nance Mockridge.

"We be just going down Mixen Lane way, to look into Peter's Finger afore creeping to bed," said Mrs. Cuxsom. "There's a fiddle and tambourine going on there. Lord, what's all the world—do ye come along too, Jopp?—'twon't hinder ye five minutes."

Jopp had mostly kept himself out of this company, but present circumstances made him somewhat more reckless than usual, and without many words he decided to go to his destination that way.

Though the upper part of Dummerford was mainly composed of a curious congeries of barns and farmsteads, there was a less picturesque side to the parish. This was Mixen Lane, now in great part pulled down.

Mixen Lane was the Adullam of all the surrounding villages. It was the hiding-place of those who were in distress and in debt, and trouble of every kind. Farm-laborers and other peasants who combined a little poaching with their farming, and a little brawling and bibbing with their poaching, found themselves sooner or later in Mixen Lane. Rural mechanics too idle to mechanize, rural servants too rebellious to serve, drifted or were forced into Mixen Lane.

The lane and its surrounding thicket of thatched cottages stretched out like a spit into the moist and misty lowland. Penury, as may be supposed, was no stranger here. Much that was poor, much that was low, some things that were shameful, could be seen in Mixen Lane. Vice ran freely in and out certain of the doors of the neighborhood; recklessness dwelt under the roof with the crooked chimney, shame in some bow-windows, theft (in times of privation) in the thatched and mud-walled houses by the sallows. Even slaughter had not been altogether unknown here. In a block of cottages up an alley there might have been erected an altar to disease in times gone by. Such was Mixen Lane in the years when Henchard and Farfrae were Mayors.

Yet this mildewed leaf in the sturdy and flourishing Casterbridge plant lay close to the open country, not a hundred yards from a row of noble elms, and commanding a view across the moor of airy uplands and cornfields. A brook divided the moor from the tenements, and to outward view there was no way across it—no way to the houses but round about by the road. But under every householder's stairs there was kept a mysterious plank nine inches wide, which plank was a secret bridge.

If you, as one of those refugee householders, came in from business after dark—and this was the business time here—you stealthily crossed the moor, approached the border of the aforesaid brook, and whistled opposite the house to which you belonged. A shape thereupon made its appearance on the other side bearing the bridge on end against the sky; it was lowered; you crossed, and a hand helped you to land yourself, together with the pheasants and hares gathered from neighboring manors. You sold them slyly the next morning, and the day after you stood before the magistrates, with the eyes of all your sympathizing neighbors concentrated on your back. You disappeared for a time; then you were again found quietly living in Mixen Lane.

Walking along the lane at dusk, the stranger was struck by two or three peculiar features therein. One was an intermittent rumbling from the back premises of the inn situate there; this meant a skittle-alley. Another was the extensive prevalence of whistling in the various domiciles, a piped note of some kind coming from nearly every open door. Another was the frequency of white aprons over dingy gowns among the women around the doorways. A white apron is a suspicious vesture in situations where spotlessness is difficult; moreover, the industry and cleanliness which the white apron expressed were belied by the postures and gaits of the women who wore it, their knuckles being mostly on their hips (an attitude which lent them the aspect of two-handled mugs), and their shoulders against door-posts, while there was a curious alacrity in the turn of each honest woman's head upon her neck and in the twirl of her honest eyes at any noise resembling a masculine foot-fall along the lane.

Yet amid so much that was bad, needy respectability also found a home. Under some of the roofs abode pure and virtuous souls whose presence there was due to the iron hand of necessity, and to that alone. Families from decayed villages—families of that once bulky, but now nearly extinct, section of village society called "liviers," or life-holders—those whose roof-trees had fallen with the expiry of their term of holding, compelling them to quit the rural spot that had been their home for generations—came here, unless they chose to lie under a hedge by the wayside.

The inn called Peter's Finger was the church of Mixen Lane.

It was centrally situate, as such places should be, and bore about the same social relation to the King of Prussia as the latter bore to the Golden Crown. At first sight the inn was so respectable as to be puzzling. The front door was kept shut, and the step was so clean that evidently but few persons entered over its sanded surface. But at the corner of the public-house was a slit, dividing it from the next building. Half-way up the slit was a narrow door, shiny and paintless from the rub of infinite hands and shoulders. This was the actual entrance to Peter's Finger.

A pedestrian would be seen abstractedly passing along Mixen Lane; and then, in a moment, he would vanish, causing the gazer to blink like Colonel Ashton at the disappearance of Ravenswood. That abstracted pedestrian had edged into the slit by the adroit fillip of his person sideways; from the slit he edged into the tavern by a similar exercise of skill.

The company at the King of Prussia were persons of quality in comparison with the company which gathered here; though it must be admitted that the lowest fringe of the King's party touched the crest of Peter's at points. Waifs and strays of all sorts loitered about here. The landlady was a virtuous woman, who had been unjustly sent to jail as an accessory to something or other after the fact. She underwent her year, and had worn a martyr's countenance ever since, except at times of meeting the constable who took her, when she winked her eye.

To this house Jopp and his acquaintance had arrived. The settles on which they sat down were thin and tall, their tops being guyed by pieces of twine to hooks in the ceiling; for when the guests grew boisterous the settles would rock and overturn without some such security. The thunder of bowls echoed from the back yard; swingels hung behind the blower of the chimney; and ex-poachers and ex-game-keepers whom princes had persecuted without a cause (in their own view), sat elbowing each other—men who in past times had met in fights under the moon, till lapse of sentences on the one part, and loss of favor and expulsion from service on the other, brought them here together to a common level, where they sat calmly discussing old times.

"Dost mind how you could chuck a trout ashore with a bramble, and not ruffle the stream, Charl?" a deposed keeper was saying. "'Twas at that I caught 'ee once, if you can mind?"

"Ay; that can I. But the worst larry for me was that pheasant business at Horewood. Thy wife sweared false that time, Joe—oh, by Gad she did!—there's no denying it."

"How was that?" asked Jopp.

"Why, Joe collared me, and we rolled down together, close to his garden hedge. Hearing the noise, out ran his wife with the oven pyle, and it being dark under the trees she couldn't see which was uppermost. 'Where beest thee, Joe, under or top?' she screeched. 'Oh—under, by Gad!' says he. She then began to rap down upon my poor back and ribs with the pyle till we'd roll over again. 'Where beest now, dear Joe, under or top?' she'd scream again. By George, 'twas through her I was took! And then when we got up in hall she sware that the cock-pheasant was one of her rearing, when 'twas not your bird at all, Joe; 'twas Squire Brown's bird—that's whose 'twas—one that we'd picked off as we passed his wood an hour afore. It did hurt my feelings to be so wronged!....Ah, well—'tis over now."

"But I might have had ye days afore that," said the keeper. "I was within a few yards of 'ee dozens of times, with a sight more of birds than that poor one."

"Yes—'tis not our greatest doings that the world gets wind of," said the furmity-woman, who, lately settled in this purlieu, sat among the rest. Having travelled a great deal in her time, she spoke with cosmopolitan largeness of idea. It was she who presently asked Jopp what was the parcel he kept so snugly under his arm.

"Ah, therein lies a grand secret," said Jopp. "It is the passion of love. To think that a woman should love one man so well, and hate another so unmercifully!"

"Who's the object of your meditation, sir?"

"One that chaws high in this town. I'd like to shame her! Upon my life 'twould be as good as a play to read her love-letters, the proud piece of silk and wex-work! For 'tis her love-letters that I've got here."

"Love-letters? then let's hear 'em, good soul," said Mother Cuxsom. "Lord, do ye mind, Richard, what fools we used to be when we were younger? getting a school-boy to write 'em for us; and giving him a penny, do ye mind, not to tell other folks what he'd put inside, do ye mind? and how you'd kiss and cole me, do ye mind?"

By this time Jopp had pushed his finger under the seals, and unfastened the letters, tumbling them over and picking up one here and there at random, which he read aloud. These passages soon began to uncover the secret which Lucetta had so earnestly hoped to keep buried, though the epistles, being allusive only, did not make it altogether plain.

"Mrs. Farfrae wrote that!" said Nance Mockridge. "'Tis a humbling thing for us, as respectable women, that one of the same sex could do it. And now she's vowed herself to another man!"

"So much the better for her," said the furmity-woman. "Ah, I saved her from a real bad marriage, and she's never been the one to thank me."

"I say, what a good foundation for a skimmity-ride," said Nance.

"True," said Mrs. Cuxsom, reflecting. "'Tis as good a ground for a skimmity-ride as ever I knowed; and it ought not to be wasted. The last one seen in Casterbridge must have been ten years ago, if a day. 'Twer about Jane Criddle, do ye mind, that used to beat her husband with the mop-stem, a well-to-do gentleman kind of man that used to travel in the whity-brown thread and button line, if ye can mind."

At this moment there was a shrill whistle, and the landlady said to the man who had been called Charl, "'Tis Jim coming in. Would ye go and let down the bridge for me?"

Without replying, Charl and his comrade Joe rose, and receiving a lantern from her, went out at the back door and down the garden path, which ended abruptly at the edge of the stream already mentioned. Beyond the stream was the open moor, from which a clammy breeze smote upon their faces as they advanced. Taking up the board that had lain in readiness, one of them lowered it across the water, and the instant its further end touched the ground, footsteps entered upon it, and there appeared from the shade a stalwart man with straps round his knees, a double-barrelled gun under his arm, and some birds slung up behind him. They asked him if he had had much luck.

"Not much," he said, indifferently. "All safe inside?"

Receiving a reply in the affirmative he went on inward, the others withdrawing the bridge and beginning to retreat in his rear. Before, however, they had entered the house a cry of "Ahoy!" from the moor led them to pause.

The cry was repeated. They pushed the lantern into an out-house, and went back to the brink of the stream.

"Ahoy!—is this the way to Casterbridge?" said some one from the other side.

"Not in particular," said Charl. "There's a river afore ye."

"I don't care—here's for through it," said the man in the moor. "I've had travelling enough for to-day."

"Stop a minute, then," said Charl, finding that the man was no enemy. "Joe, bring the plank and lantern: here's a feller that's lost his way—You should have kept along the turnpike-road, friend, and not have strook across here."

"I should—as I see now. But I saw a light here, and says I to myself, that's a short-cut, depend on't."

The plank was now lowered, and the stranger's form shaped itself from the darkness. He was a middle-aged man, with hair and whiskers prematurely gray, and a broad and genial face. He had crossed on the plank without hesitation, and seemed to see nothing odd in the transit. He thanked them, and walked between them up the garden. "What place is this?" he asked, when they reached the door.

"A public-house."

"Oh. Perhaps it will suit me to put up at. Now, then, come in and wet your whistle at my expense for the lift over you have given me."

They followed him into the inn, where the increased light exhibited him as one who would stand higher in an estimate by the eye than in one by the ear. He was dressed with a certain clumsy richness—his coat being furred, and his head covered by a cap of seal-skin, which, though the nights were chilly, must have been warm for the day-time, spring being somewhat advanced. In his hand he carried a small mahogany case, strapped, and clamped with brass.

Apparently surprised at the kind of company which confronted him through the kitchen door, he at once abandoned his idea of putting up at the house; but taking the situation lightly, he called for glasses of the best, paid for them as he stood in the passage, and turned to proceed on his way by the front door. This was barred, and while the landlady was unfastening it the conversation about the skimmington was continued in the sitting-room, and reached his ears.

"What do they mean by a 'skimmity-ride'?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," said the landlady, swinging her long ear-rings with deprecating modesty, "'tis a old foolish thing they do in these parts when a man's wife is—well, a bad bargain in any way. But, as a respectable householder, I don't encourage it."

"Still, are they going to do it shortly? It is a good sight to see, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," she simpered. And then, bursting into naturalness, and glancing from the corner of her eye: "'Tis the funniest thing under the sun. And it costs money."

"Ah! I remember hearing of some such thing. Now I shall be in Casterbridge for two or three weeks to come, and should not mind seeing the performance. Wait a moment." He turned back, entered the sitting-room, and said, "Here, good folks; I should like to see the old custom you are talking of, and I don't mind being something towards it—take that." He threw a sovereign on the table and returned to the landlady at the door, of whom, having inquired the way into the town, he took his leave.

"There were more where that one came from," said Charl, when the sovereign had been taken up and handed to the landlady for safe-keeping. "By George! we ought to have got a few more while we had him here."

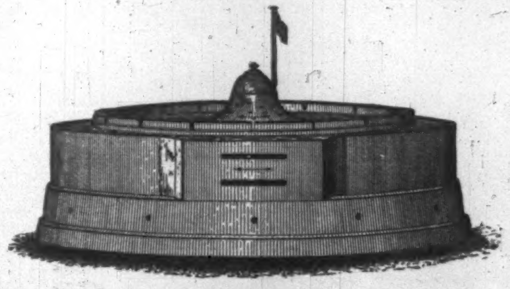
"No, no," answered the landlady. "This is a respectable house, thank God! and I'll have nothing done but what's honorable."

"Well," said Jopp; "now we'll consider the business begun, and will soon get it in train."

"We will," said Nance. "A good laugh warms the cockles of my heart more than a cordial, and that's the truth on't."

Jopp gathered up the letters, and it being now somewhat late, he did not attempt to call at Farfrae's with them that night. He reached home, sealed them up as before, and delivered the parcel at its address next morning. Within an hour its contents were reduced to ashes by Lucetta, who, poor soul! was inclined to fall down on her knees in thankfulness that at last no evidence, beyond the simple entry in a remote parish register, remained of the unlucky episode with Henchard in her past. For, innocent as she had been of wrong-doing therein, that episode, if known, was not the less likely to operate fatally between herself and her husband.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE TIMBY TOWER.

In the problem of our coast protection the portion of it depending on fixed defences has two elements, one that of the guns, and the other that of the forts. For this latter Mr. Theodore R. Timby has offered to the government the right to erect, free of charge, one of the revolving shielded towers known by his name, and a bill has been introduced into Congress to appropriate money for its erection near Fort Hamilton, in New York Harbor.

The illustration given in this number of the Weekly presents a front perspective view of the tower, with the face turned to the observer. The turret has a diameter of 120 feet, and carries two tiers of ten each of the heaviest guns made. The shield has 160 feet diameter. Outside of all could be an earthwork protection.

The revolving turret has been known for more than forty years, and is now in familiar use both on land and water, the triumphs of the Monitor system having made it famous. The present addition comprises a shield, which on land may be made of any weight or material, together with a new arrangement of guns and turret revolution, and an electrical automatic device to secure accuracy of firing. Hydraulic power for "pivoting a heavy gun at the muzzle" is included, and the engines for moving the turret and shield are completely protected from hostile shot.

In the ordinary fort each gun, after being reloaded, has to make a change of range for a moving target, like a vessel; but in the revolving turret the loaded guns come successively and rapidly up to the firing point, a gun being constantly on the way, and fired automatically as soon as it reaches the single port-hole in the shield provided for each tier. The movement of the shield covers the turret port-hole, except at the moment of fire.

This system has received words of appreciation from many well-known authorities, including Generals Hancock, Rosecrans, and Slocum, and Admirals Porter, Ammen, Worden, Carter, Upshur, and Luck.

THE SPRING FLOODS.

The certainty with which vast sections of the country are annually inundated by spring freshets raises the important question, "Cannot engineering skill do something to lessen if not to avert the stupendous damage which follows regularly at this season of the year upon the rising of rivers north, east, south, and west?" There is hardly a spring during which Congress is not petitioned to appropriate money for the relief of sufferers by flood. Thus far this year the greatest suffering and loss of property have occurred in the South, and Congress was recently invited to set apart $300,000 for the victims of an overflow along the rivers of Alabama.

Beginning with the floods in New England in February, when a large portion of the city of Boston was submerged (as was illustrated in Harper's Weekly at the time), the record of damage by water in different parts of the Union has been almost continuous and certainly appalling. Simultaneously on the first day of this month floods were reported from Vermont, New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Alabama. At Montpelier, Vermont, the Winooski River rose to a height unequalled since 1869, and the town of Lancaster, New Hampshire, was inundated by a sudden rising of the Israel River. The report of these disasters was, however, overshadowed by the tidings of destruction that came from the South. Along the lines of the Alabama and Coosa rivers in Alabama the destruction of property was tremendous, and human life was jeopardized in all directions. The floods were most severely felt in Coosa, Elmore, Montgomery, Autauga, and Dallas counties. The county-seat of Elmore and the country around it were quickly reduced to a most deplorable state. Water stood four feet deep in the business houses of many of these Alabama towns, and people were driven by the hundreds from their places of residence. The loss of life, as is usually the case at such times, was at first sensationally reported to be very great, but later details of the flood showed that there had been but comparatively few instances of drowning of human beings, although thousands of horses, mules, cattle, and hogs were swept away. The rise of the Alabama and Coosa rivers was followed by the rising of the Warrior and Tallapoosa rivers, and relief boats were sent out from Montgomery, and brought in hundreds of persons who had been in peril and without food for several days. The flood at Montgomery was said to have been higher by six feet than ever before known. From the dome of the State Capitol on April 2 could be seen, stretching away to the north and west, a lake of water fully ten miles square. The gas works and electric-light works were flooded, and the only means of illuminating the city for several days was by the use of candles and oil lamps. The loss of life throughout the State was mainly confined to colored people who had occupied little cabins and huts on the banks of the swollen rivers, although the owners of one or two prosperous farms in the low lands are known to have perished. A convict farm in Elmore County was flooded, and the convicts were taken off in rafts, many of them escaping. Every bridge and several important mills in Elmore County were totally destroyed. Unparalleled suffering was reported from the little town of Selma, Alabama, in the neighborhood of which place, along the line of the Alabama River, the loss of life among the poor colored people was the greatest. Relief committees were promptly organized throughout the State, but the supply of money and of provisions was totally inadequate to the demands of the sufferers. Meantime other Southern States had not escaped the flood. Reports from Chattanooga and Nashville showed great suffering and damage in Tennessee. Four thousand persons in Chattanooga were rendered homeless, and were carried in boats straight across the inundated city to the dry and historic heights of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. By the rising of the James and Appomattox rivers a number of towns and cities in Virginia were also flooded. In Richmond the water rose to a depth of four feet on the main street, and relief boats were kept in motion day and night rescuing the terrified inhabitants.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Western newspaper says that "men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds," and that "you will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed." The glib inaccuracy of some of the popular essay writers of the day is lamentable. This one has overlooked the American Indian and the cross-legged millions of the Orient, to say nothing of the abounding tailor of his own immediate civilization, all of whom systematically engage in business with their legs disposed in the manner which he denies. Of course there are men who never engage in business with their legs crossed, as, for instance, cavalrymen, or six-day pedestrians, or men of any occupation who have lost one of their legs or both; but these do not afford a universal rule. A great deal of the error which is creeping into the world is to be charged to the haste and inaccuracy of a careless press. When newspaper writers come to have more care, in addition to their present large amount of conscience, one will be less likely to read that the business faculties of a man are paralyzed merely because he happens to have his legs crossed.

Curious things happen in many places, but particularly in Paris. A physician of that city, being called to attend a child five weeks old, found the little one with a dull, bluish skin, and other symptoms which pointed very strongly to painter's colic. No painting had been done in the house, so far as could be learned, and the doctor was sorely puzzled, until, happening to observe the child's nurse more particularly than he had done theretofore, he saw that she had a complexion which was plainly due to cosmetics, and which, from a certain greasy appearance, he judged to be rich in white-lead. Further analysis established the fact that the child was really suffering from its nurse's complexion, of which it had been permitted to partake freely. It recovered readily under the usual treatment for painter's colic, the cause having been removed with turpentine and soap-suds.

Another curious case of lead-poisoning is also reported from Paris. The people who were afflicted with the symptoms could give no cause, and one was discovered by the physicians only after the most patient labor. They finally learned that the bread which the ailing persons had eaten had been made of flour which had been ground by mill-stones in which certain small holes had been stopped up with lead.

In Japan they make sea-weed into a paper so transparent that it is used for window-glass. In Europe paper has been made of such hardness that it is proposed to use it for railroad tracks. If the two processes could be united, the plate-glass insurance companies would drop out of existence.

A dog in Indiana, it is told, was left one Friday evening at the house of his master's brother, one hundred and forty-five miles away from his own home, and betimes next morning was found scratching for admittance at his master's door. The idea is that he made the journey on foot, but more people would believe the story if it were declared that he caught a ride on a freight car.

In rehearsing some venerable superstitions an English paper declares that "in Devonshire it is believed that on seeing the first new moon of the year, if you take off one stocking and run across a field, you will find between two of your toes a hair, which will be the color of the lover you are to have." That is a somewhat remarkable belief. If the runner finds a black hair, her sweetheart will be a colored person; if a red hair, an American Indian; and if a yellow hair, a Chinaman or a Caucasian suffering from biliousness. Possibly the paper meant to say that the discovered hair would be the color of the hair of the coming sweetheart, rather than the color of the sweetheart himself.

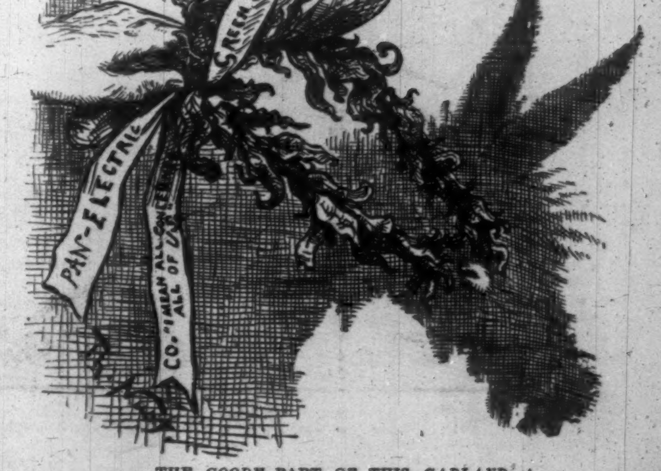
It is told of an English parson that one Sunday during the late heavy snow-storm which occurred in that unaccustomed country he announced that he would not preach any sermon. "Not," he said, "because the congregation is small, or because I have no sermon—for I have a carefully prepared discourse in my pocket—but because I am anxious that you should get home quickly and take off your wet boots."

A newspaper paragraph records that there is on exhibition in St. Augustine, Florida, "a mysterious animal, with the body of an alligator and the head of a demon." A Chicago reporter recently drew down inquiries upon himself by speaking of "life-size griffins," and the same inquisitive people may turn up again wanting information concerning demon heads.

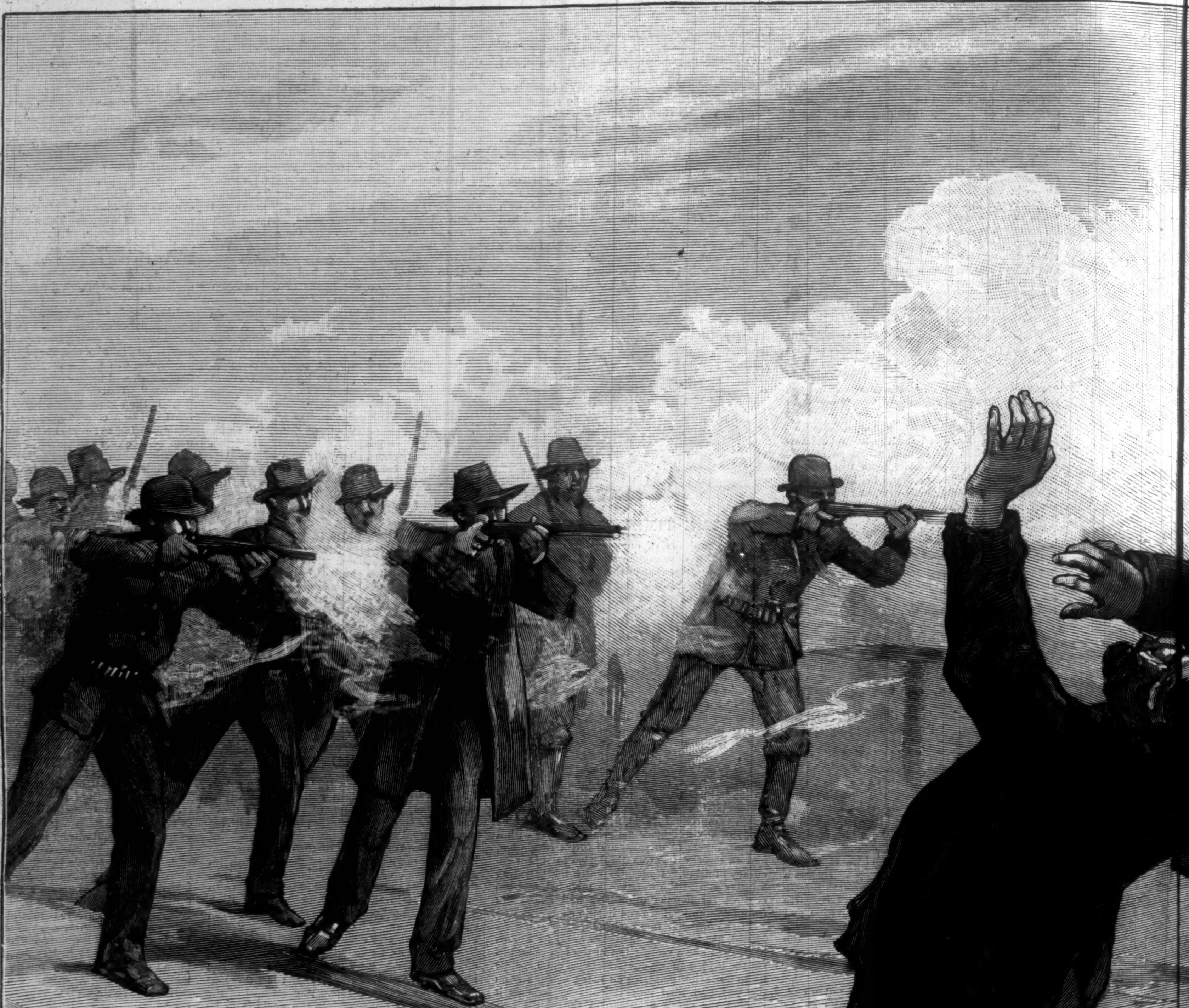
Several hundred yards of railroad track dropped through the crust of the earth in the well-burrowed coal regions of Eastern Pennsylvania lately. It is rare for a material railroad to drop out of sight, though such a performance on the part of its stock would attract little attention.

A recent newspaper paragraph announces that a distinguished German physician advocates the general use of sugar as an article of diet. The same opinion has long been held by the mass of American children. It is pleasant to hear of the spontaneous growth across the water of an idea which in this land is quite familiar. The German physician avers that he has eaten a quarter of a pound of sugar daily for forty years. The estimate which young Americans will make of such a career will be that it is a gorgeous and delightful dream.

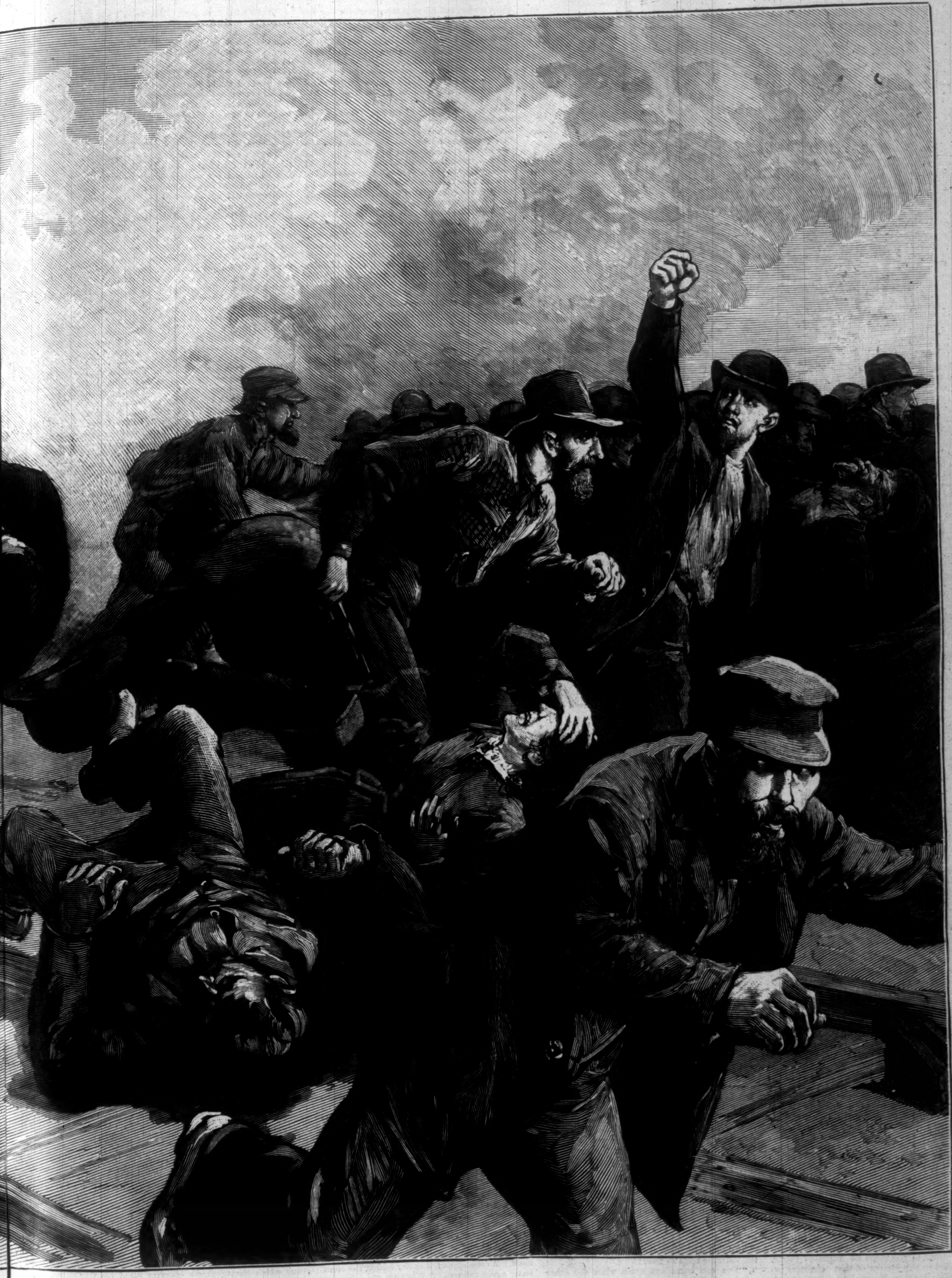
The German physician may be interested to hear that it is announced that a chemist has discovered an extract of coal-tar which is two hundred and thirty times sweeter than sugar. It might be profitable for him to experiment with this with the view of ascertaining whether it would be still nicer to eat a quarter of a pound of it daily than it is to eat mere sugar, or whether a small pellet containing one-two-hundred-and-thirtieth part of a quarter of a pound of such a powerful concentration is all that could healthfully be endured. If he fears to try such an experiment, no disappointment need be caused here, for the Young Americans who share with him his present opinion stand ready to enter upon a test of the new sweet with unhesitating zeal.


GREEN SPROUTS
PAN-ELECTRIC
CO. "I MEAN ALL CONCERNED ALL OF US"

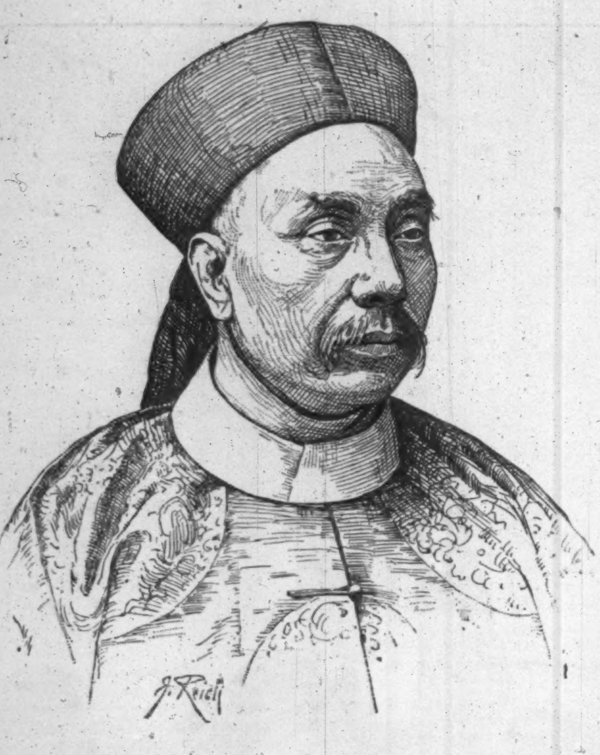
THE *GOODE* PART OF THIS *GARLAND*.



THE STRIKE AT EAST ST. LOUIS—FIRING INTO



D THE CROWD.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 251.]



THE RETIRING CHINESE MINISTER.

The picture of Cheng Tsao Ju, the Chinese Minister, is engraved from a photograph given to me by that excellent gentleman, with whom I have been on friendly terms for many years, and whom I have constantly seen while he has been in this country.

The Minister is a "red-button" Mandarin, *i. e.*, a Mandarin of the second class. He is a native of the Kwang-Tung Province, and sixty-two years old. Like many of his countrymen of the better class, he devoted himself in early life to arduous study, and in due time received his degree, and entered the public service. I well remember the founding by the Chinese of the great arsenal at Shanghai—*Kaou Chung-Maou* they called it. It was established in a peach orchard on the shore of the Wong-Poo River, four or five miles above the native city, and has grown from small beginnings to be a splendid establishment, worthy to belong to any government in the world. Mr. Cheng Tsao Ju was one of the two government Commissioners in charge of this arsenal for the fourteen years from 1864 to 1878. I doubt not that, in the evil times upon which he has fallen in this country, he looks back longingly to that pleasant and successful epoch in his life. I knew him well at Shanghai, and can speak from personal knowledge of his efficient and brilliant services.

From 1878 to 1881 he was *Taoutae* (Governor) of Tien-tsin, and in the latter year he was sent as Minister to this country. His wife accompanied him, and he had a daughter born in Washington in the summer of 1883. Apropos of this event, and as illustrating the Minister's nice sense of humor, I may mention a little incident, some account of which I believe has already found its way into print. As I was probably the only American in Washington whom he had known in China, he remembered that I had a little daughter born in that country; and when in my house one evening he asked through the interpreter if there were not a Chinese subject in that house. I replied in the affirmative, and sent for my little girl for him to see, saying at the same time that I would bespeak his protection for her. He replied, with great courtesy, "She shall certainly have it, and you will bear in mind that while you have in your family a Chinese subject, I have in mine an American citizen."

I wish it were possible to say that this amiable and accomplished gentleman, who has made friends of all with whom he has come in contact, would be able on his approaching departure to think of his sojourn in America as prosperous and pleasant; but such is far from being the case. For the first three years he had to contend only with the comparatively moderate development then existing of anti-Chinese feeling. Late in 1884, and after the return of his wife to China, he went to Peru, where his countrymen are treated more savagely, if possible, than in our own favored land, and while on his return was stricken with paralysis, from which he has only partially recovered. While thus suffering, and enfeebled by disease, he has been compelled to bear the affliction of the late attacks upon his countrymen; and that this affliction has been grievous no one can doubt; yet in the midst of his troubles he has continued to dispense, at "Stewart Castle," in Dupont Circle, the graceful and generous hospitality for which the Legation has been justly celebrated.

In our ignorance we are very apt to misjudge and underrate Oriental statesmen. The late Charles Sumner told me that he once asked Sir Frederick Bruck (who was transferred as British Minister from Pekin to Washington) what he thought of the statesmen of the Chinese Foreign Office, and Sir Frederick replied, and repeated when pressed, that they were "*unequalled for character and ability.*"

A worthy associate of such distinguished diplomatists is the gentle and courteous friend to whom I have taken the liberty of paying this brief tribute of respect and esteem; and if my countrymen knew him as I do, they would all join in hearty good wishes for his health, happiness, and prosperity. A. A. Hayes.

Washington, D. C., *March* 31, 1886.

THE ROMANCE OF A BROKER.

"This apartment," said the Count Estrella, throwing open the door with a truly magnificent flourish, "is worthy of his Majesty the King—nay, of his Holiness the Pope."

Marsden, who wanted to hire lodgings of the impecunious descendant of the Estrellas, thought the apartment admirably suited the wants of a New York stock-broker off on an Italian holiday; so, without considering further its desirability for King Humbert or Pope Leo, he promptly agreed to the landlord's terms, and asked to have his luggage fetched from the hotel.

He walked through the charming drawing-room and out on the tiny loggia, and sniffed the air with keen delight. "What a place for a cigar on a warm night!" he exclaimed.

The balcony overlooked a delicious Italian landscape, and yet, overhung with such greenness of vine and foliage, it was completely retired. There was an awning over it, and a rug on the floor, and Marsden hauled out some of the ancient tapestry chairs worked by the fingers of the dead and gone Estrellas, and set himself to forgetting New York and certain late melancholy experiences of his on the stock board. The Villa Estrella was a good place for forgetting. Marsden got out his Horace, and straightway forgot all that had happened since his university days, when he counted the old Roman as his closest friend. Nay, since he could not bring old Horace forward into the nineteenth century, he threw himself back to the reign of Augustus Cæsar. He revelled in the wisdom of that delightful pagan. "Oh, Horatius Flaccus," he sometimes exclaimed, "you had pretty fair wine in your day; could you but have had this Reina Victoria I am now smoking—can't I fancy you this moment, jolly, fat, bald-headed, watching the blue smoke curl into the bluer air, subdued, enchanted by this new and strange delight!" And so it went on through the soft Italian spring.

Marsden had noticed that next to the Villa Estrella rose the tall white walls of a convent. Inside the convent wall grew what had once been an ilex hedge; but it had grown into great trees that crowded each other, and locked their great arms jealously to baffle marauding eyes. But one morning after a storm, as Marsden sat on his balcony reading, he raised his eyes, and right before him was a rent in the green curtain of foliage, through which he could see into the convent garden as plainly as he could see into his own drawing-room. He was the soul of honor, and just as his mind, abstracted from his book, had realized that he was scarcely justifiable in watching people who supposed themselves secure from observation, a slim young figure ran out of a door in the great stone building and flew down the gravelled walk almost under Marsden's very feet. In an instant a black-robed sister followed her. Fascinated and wholly powerless to withdraw his attention, he heard the following colloquy:

"Signorina, you must come in directly. What would the Mother Superior say?"

"It does not matter to me what she says. I hate her."

"Holy Mother! For Heaven's sake go back with me."

"To that dark, doleful class-room! Oh, sister, the sunshine feels so good!"

"You can come out again when the other scholars do."

"Yes, with that pack of chattering idiots! I had rather stay in the class-room." There was a short scuffle, and the next thing Marsden saw was the sister—a tall, stalwart woman—seize the young girl around the waist and carry her off bodily into the house. It was not unkindly done, but Marsden's heart swelled within him. The girl's voice was so soft and pleading, and she had such great imploring black eyes. As soon as she was gone, he turned the back of his chair resolutely toward the opening, and tried to get back to the Augustan age, from which the pretty girl had called him. But it was of no use. He had seen hundreds of pretty girls, he had heard thousands of sweet voices, but his hour had come. This handsome fellow, who had flirted over the best part of two continents, had seen a girl, had heard a voice, that went to the marrow of his heart. This does not mean that he was desperately in love with her on the spot, but that he was irresistibly interested in her, which leads to love by geometrical progression.

Before that rift in the ilex-trees had come, Marsden had felt not the slightest curiosity to know what went on in the white-walled garden. But now not all the firmness of a resolute nature could quell the burning, the yearning, to know why that lovely young girl should not be allowed even to walk in the convent garden alone. He did not feel called upon to give up his lodgings because the storm had broken a bough off the ilex-tree, but he did feel that as a man of honor he could not indulge the wish of his heart by gazing all day at that little paradise of trim flower beds and luxuriant shrubbery. Yet by sudden, involuntary glances, by what met his eye when he walked out on the balcony with his book, by what he heard in spite of himself, he came to know something about this girl—even her name, Lucia Marzio. She was not more than seventeen, slender and soft-voiced, shy, but sometimes full of a girl's uncertain courage, and defying the sisters to their faces. Her long black lashes usually concealed her eloquent eyes; she seldom smiled, and never laughed. That there was some strange surveillance exercised over her was plain. She seemed to have permission to stay in the garden during the hours of recreation, when the other scholars were present, but she rather avoided that; at every opportunity when the garden was deserted she slipped out to walk up and down the narrow path, which was plainly all she could steal in the way of freedom. Sometimes she was caught, sometimes she was not.

Marsden did not think it could be a love affair that had caused Lucia to be caged up. She was very young, and, besides, she did not seem sad—only sullen. Probably it was some girlish folly or disobedience. Italian parents are sometimes strict.

It was now June, and the glorious midsummer moon shone. One evening, as Marsden had settled himself on the loggia, from which no power could now tear him, he saw Lucia steal out of the little door of the convent, and begin her restless walk up and down the gravel path. She had been weeping. Marsden heard occasionally a suppressed sob, and in the white moonlight he could see tears dropping from her eyes. What sight more pathetic than a beautiful young creature friendless and in distress? Marsden arose from his chair in agitation. He threw away his everlasting cigar, and involuntarily he held out his arms to Lucia. At that moment she raised her eyes, and for the first time fixing them on the clear space in the ilex-tree, through which the moon shone, she beheld Marsden's tall figure in an attitude of imploring devotion. She stood for a moment transfixed with surprise. Marsden tore from his coat a rose, and pressing it to his lips and his heart, threw it at her feet. Lucia, without waiting to pick it up, turned and sped swiftly toward the convent door.

Marsden sat down in a tumult of feeling. He instinctively turned for composure to his cigar case. As he struck a match he saw that his hand trembled. He threw the match away, and sat perfectly still.

In a few moments he heard a stealthy step on the gravel. Lucia crept out again. He knew she stopped where the rose had fallen. He turned boldly and faced her. She saw him, and pressing the flower to her lips, rushed away once more, this time not to return.

Marsden spent that night walking the floor of his room. He had gone on without thinking where this singular infatuation was to lead him. He had called it an idyl, a fancy for a picture; but he found that, instead of possessing the fancy, the fancy now possessed him. How was he to see her? Go straight to the convent and ask the Mother Superior to allow him to see the Signorina Marzio? She would probably chase him out of the door. Of course he would communicate with Lucia, although it would be full of danger to her. Perhaps she would be disenchanted to learn that he was an American. Well, for her dear sake, he would be content to lead in Italy that life of sweet do-nothing which had been his for the last two months. But one thing he knew—that he loved her, and was willing to take all the chances of her love, by which it will be seen that he was a brave man and a gentleman as well.

Of course he was glued to the loggia after that. He wrote a letter, telling Lucia in plain, manly language that he loved her, and watched his opportunity to throw it to her. It came in a day or two. She crept out at mid-day, and walked ostentatiously to the opposite side of the garden, from where she could see Marsden. He waited until she turned a stealthy glance in his direction, and then he threw his letter, with the pebbles inside, after the usual style of romanticists, boldly down into the garden. In an instant she flew to pick it up: she dare not let any such compromising document stay on the ground for one moment. As she slipped it in her bodice, the stout sister again ran out. "What are you doing out here, signorina?" she called out, shrilly.

"Nothing," responded Lucia, with perfect coolness.

"Then come in at once. You know I will not report you to the Mother, and so you impose upon my good-nature."

Lucia stood up, tall, beautiful, and self-possessed. "I love to walk in the garden," she said, in clear bell-like tones, of which Marsden heard every word. "The only happy moments I have are here. I would like never to leave it, and I intend to steal out here whenever I can."

Marsden's heart beat furiously. The sister attempted to hurry Lucia down the path.

"Go you first," said the girl. "I will follow." And from behind the sister's broad back she wafted Marsden a kiss on the rosy palm of her hand.

Marsden felt his honor as much engaged to this girl as if he had given a hundred pledges. But as he had her welfare dearly to heart, he meant to proceed with the greatest caution. Evidently she did not expect to be soon removed from the convent. For the next few days he employed himself thinking out an elaborate plan of escape for her. First, to get her out of the convent. Nothing better had ever been invented than the traditional rope-ladder to get outside of walls. The difficulty had been to proceed afterward. But then came in the resources of civilization. Love, supplemented with money, can work miracles. He strolled down to the little railway station, learned by heart the hours of the trains, and made friends with the amiable and obliging person who kept the booking office. He found that for surprisingly little money he could get anybody he chose—the Mother Superior herself—away from the little station, without the station-master taking any particular notice. He had some American friends in Florence with whom he communicated, and whom he prepared at any time to receive a beautiful young creature escaped from a convent. He found out that King Victor Emanuel had made things much easier for eloping couples than had once been; also that the consent of the Church was not impossible to gain, after the civil marriage had once taken place. Of course sometimes he stopped and asked himself if he were not in a dream. Often he regarded himself with amazement, but his strange infatuation triumphed over all the assaults of reason. He had written one day in his choicest Italian a letter to Lucia, offering her his plan, and going into the minutiæ of how he was to secure the consent of Mother Church to their marriage in Florence. He waited until evening, when, as the night was fine, he doubted not Lucia would appear in the garden. He stationed himself on the balcony, letter in hand, to wait for her, as soon as twilight set in. He saw the moon rise slowly over the hills; Lucia loved moonlight. If she came at all, she would come before nine o'clock, when all the lights were out, and her absence would be at once detected. Time passed. It was ten minutes of nine as Marsden struck his repeater. He felt consumed with dismay at the prospect of twenty-four hours more of anxiety before he saw his letter safe in Lucia's hands. Suddenly he heard a whispered "Signore."

Crouching behind his chair was Lucia. Marsden felt something like an electric shock as he came face to face with this girl. She was even more beautiful than he supposed; and she was the picture of modesty and bashfulness. In his heart he excused her, before she opened her lovely mouth to plead for his pardon as Juliet did for Romeo's.

"I could not help it," she murmured. "I was afraid they meant to take me away. I heard them talking about it. Then I should never more have seen you."

Marsden clasped her hands. "You must have come to me some time. You only came a little sooner than I had dared to hope."

Lucia began to cry. "You are the only person in the world who loves me. My father shut me up in the convent to make me a nun. I could not—would not."

Marsden started up. There was no time for dallying. In fifteen minutes the whole convent would be aroused. Already he heard the banging of doors and the turning of locks as the sisters began to make fast for the night.

"Lucia," he said, hurriedly, "you will have to trust me. Had we time, we might fly together to Florence, but as it is, my unexpected departure would at once point to me as concerned in your flight. Will you go without me to the house of an American family in Florence? The night train passes through here in a few minutes. I can put you on it, telegraph to my friends there to meet you one station outside of the city. You might be tracked to the station here, and as I will buy your ticket to Florence, they might telegraph to have you intercepted there. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Lucia, with bright, intelligent eyes. "And, signore, I do trust you. I have a cousin in Florence," she added.

Marsden was hastily taking some money out of his desk as she spoke, and seizing her by the hand, he led her down the stairs, out into the narrow village street, and sped toward the little railway station. He chose his way through the lonely streets. Lucia had on her head a mantle, with which she concealed her features. She was fleet of foot, and kept up easily with Marsden's powerful stride. As they entered the dimly lighted station they heard the train thundering in. Marsden rushed to the booking station, bought a whole compartment, got a time-table, which he put with some money in Lucia's hand, and barely had time to put her in the carriage. He kissed her hand reverently, and promising to join her within forty-eight hours, saw the train move out, and the first step in the plan of escape apparently successful. He sent a long telegram to his American friend in Florence, couched in language which the telegraph operator could not understand. Then he went up to the ticket agent and showed him a bank-note.

"Keep this quiet for twenty-four hours," he said.

The man grinned. "When they ask me, I will say it was a short, dark man who was with the lady," he said.

Marsden sped back to the Villa Estrella. It had all happened so quickly he scarcely knew what he was about. As he passed the convent he saw lights glimmering, and the whole place in an uproar. He slipped noiselessly up the staircase, although by that time the Villa Estrella was beginning to stir, and in a moment was in his accustomed seat on the balcony, smoking furiously.

Naturally he began to fear the wisdom of his hasty plan of escape, but the more he considered it, the more his alarm quieted. Within a day or two he knew she would be traced to Florence, but he would yet have twenty-four hours to act. No suspicion would attach to him. He had mentioned purposely to Count Estrella that he was going away on an excursion for a few days, and his departure next day would occasion no surprise. Once in Florence, he could get the assistance of the American consul, who would be unworthy of the Stars and Stripes if he could not baffle the Florentine police, the laziest in the world. In case any accident happened to his telegram, he had told Lucia in their hurried walk to the station to remain at the little village where she was to leave the train, where there was a good hotel, and he would meet her.

The noise, the searching and rushing about, increased in the convent. Presently Count Estrella tramped upstairs, and came puffing out on the balcony, without the pretence of a knock at the drawing-room door.

"What do you think, Signor Marsden? there has been an elopement from the convent."

"Ah!" said Marsden, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "One of the nuns?"

"Great heavens! no. One of the young girls, a daughter of Vincentio Marzio, whom I know as I know my own brother."

"How did she get off?" asked Marsden, coolly.

"That is what they don't know. From eight to nine at the convent is the study hour. Signorina Marzio was not a pupil; in fact, she was kept there in confinement. It is a busy hour with the nuns. At nine o'clock she was missed. She often stole off to the garden at that time. It was searched, but no trace of her can be found. The sisters are nearly frantic."

"No doubt she is concealed somewhere about the grounds," said Marsden, puffing away.

"It is impossible. There is a knocking at the door. Go you with me."

Marsden went down with the count. As they unbarred the great outer door of the villa, which Marsden had just noiselessly barred up, they saw the pale and anxious faces of two sisters. One was the good-natured stout one that Marsden had often seen before; the other burst into tears.

"Ah, count," she wept, "Lucia is gone this time; she is lost, I fear. What shall I say to her father? But may we not search your garden? You know she is a little devil, and might only be in hiding to alarm us."

Count Estrella at once agreed. "And here is my friend Signor Marsden, an American. What do you advise us to do, signor?"

"Search the village thoroughly," said Marsden, promptly. "I suppose she did not have any money?"

"Not a penny," replied the sister.

"Then she could not get very far," remarked Marsden.

"Nor had she any accomplice," eagerly put in the stout sister. "I can warrant that."

"Then it is easy," said Marsden, decisively. "She is in or about the village."

As they picked their way into the garden, searching with lanterns, and calling "Lucia! Lucia!" Marsden asked Count Estrella the cause of Lucia's being virtually imprisoned in the convent.

"Do you not know of Signorina Marzio's behavior?" answered he, in amazement. "I thought you had heard. Well, first, because her father is afraid to live in the house with her. When she was fifteen years old she pulled his beard out, and beat him with a cudgel until he was almost dead." Marsden could scarcely believe his ears. He did not in the least believe Count Estrella. His loyalty was proof against hearsay testimony. "And when her father got the padre of the parish to speak to her, she boxed his ears, and tore his cassock off his back. It was a new cassock." Marsden longed to choke Estrella. "But that was not the worst," he continued, as he walked by Marsden's side, poking the lantern into the masses of shrubbery. "I went with them, at Vincentio's request, when he took her before the archbishop, because he wanted to try all moral means before resorting to the police. She kicked the archbishop in the stomach so hard that he ruptured a blood-vessel, and has kept his bed ever since. He will never be well again." This was what Count Estrella had seen, not heard. Marsden felt as if he had received a blow. The strong man reeled like a drunkard. But Estrella went on without noticing it: "I shall never forget when we went before the Prefect of Police. She swore so fiercely that she would throw vitriol on him if he dared to imprison her that he was terribly frightened, and refused to do anything with her. Then her father brought her to the convent."

"How has she behaved at the convent?" Marsden managed to gasp forth.

The sisters had by that time joined them. "Excellently—excellently," cried the weeping one, "although Padre Anselmo, who has known her from a child, told us good behavior boded no good with Lucia Marzio. She only beat the Mother Superior once, and threw a few dishes about at first, but latterly she has been as gentle as a lamb, and only cared for the garden."

Marsden's infatuation sent out a beam of hope. Perhaps her love for him had tamed her.

Suddenly there was an addition to the group. A benevolent-looking priest had joined them. It was Father Anselmo.

"I was sent for in haste to the convent, and found them so excited and hysterical that I came here to see if I could not glean something intelligible from you," he said to Estrella.

Estrella presented him to Marsden.

"Ah, this is a sad business," he said, shaking his head. "Our poor friend Vincentio!" Then the sisters poured forth volubly their tale of Lucia's flight.

"I for one would not like to be the one to find her," whispered Estrella to Marsden. "She would as soon throttle me as not."

Marsden in his anguish was struck by the dignity and amiable countenance of the priest. So keen was the blow he had received that he felt a strange longing for sympathy. Almost involuntarily he felt compelled to confide in him.

"Let us go," said Marsden, "and look around about the village. She is certainly not here."

The priest seemed to understand that Marsden had something to say to him. They walked back into the villa, and into the court-yard. Marsden held the padre, and said to him, hoarsely, "Tell me about this girl."

Father Anselmo did not look surprised. He knew too much of human nature to be amazed at any of its manifestations.

"All that I can say," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "is that I think it useless to search for her. I advised her father some time ago to let her marry a young man in Florence, a remote cousin of hers, whom she has taken a fancy to marry. But nothing will ever tame her."

Marsden groaned aloud.

"My friend," said the priest, "you know something about Lucia."

Marsden could not have spoken to have saved his life. The padre gave him a quick and penetrating glance. He saw Marsden was trustworthy.

"If you have any share in the flight of that unhappy girl, be frank with me. I have known her from her babyhood. She is a little fiend. Her first husband shot himself; her second ran away—"

"She is but seventeen!" almost shrieked Marsden.

"She is certainly not older," answered Father Anselmo, "but she has been twice married, the second time four weeks after the death of her first husband. The cousin whom I am convinced she has now run away to marry was once much in love with her, but he became a little timid. If, however, Lucia once puts her eyes on him, he dare not refuse."

"But," said poor Marsden, "she was so gentle, so dove-like."

The padre had hard work to keep a smile from coming on his face. "You ought to have seen her kick the archbishop," he said. He took off his beretta, and showed Marsden a long red scar on his forehead just below the hair. "She gave me that one day when she came to me to confession."

Marsden felt hope departing from him. "I trust you as a man of honor," said he; and he made a clean breast to Father Anselmo.

"Give yourself no further anxiety," said the padre, when he had concluded. "I am convinced she has gone to her cousin Antonio. I saw him hanging about here some weeks ago, and wrote her father. Lucia professed to have ceased to care for him. That was a sign she had not."

Just then a flock of black-robed sisters poured into the court-yard in search of Father Anselmo. They had found a note from Lucia. Father Anselmo put on his spectacles, Count Estrella, who had appeared upon the scene, held the lantern, and the sisters wept and exclaimed in chorus. The note ran:

"DEAR FATHER ANSELMO,—To-night I propose to take the train for Florence to join my dear Antonio. I have behaved so well lately that I have scarcely been watched at all. I climbed up the ilex-tree and broke off a branch or two so I could make the acquaintance of the American who lodges at the Villa Estrella. He is a good fellow, and did I not mean to marry Antonio from spite, I would take my American. When this reaches you I shall be on my way to Florence. If the sisters dare to have me stopped, I will return to the convent and put out the eyes of some of them.

"LUCIA MARZIO."

"I told you so," said the padre, folding up the letter carefully.

A week or two after that, Marsden was in Florence, trying to forget the sweet madness of the last three months. He went to the opera. Seated in a box, beautiful, triumphant, yet modest, was Lucia. By her side sat a small young man with delicate features. One of his eyes had a black patch over it. Lucia recognized Marsden. She smiled coquettishly at him, and waved her fan with languid grace. Marsden smiled; then, by an irresistible impulse, laughed. He had not thought he could ever laugh again. After the opera he went up to speak to her. His heartache was almost cured.

"Ah, Signor Marsden," she said, with her softest smile, "could it have been otherwise?—Go, Antonio, and get the carriage, blockhead!—Those moonlight nights! I was sincere, signor; my heart was yours—what do you stand there for, dolt, listening to every word I have to say?—but I had promised to marry Antonio; though, as you see, he is a poor stick."

Marsden bowed to the ground. "If it were for your happiness, signora, I can resign you; I shall stifle all vain regrets; but I shall never again see your peer—never another Lucia."

Marsden returned to New York, and married within a year a most satisfactory girl. But he manages to pique her occasionally by dark allusions to an Italian romance. And sometimes his wife reproaches him that his heart is yet in Italy; at which Marsden sighs profoundly and says nothing.

SYDNEY.

THE GRAY NUN.

THERE comes, each dying day to bless,
A little while before the night,
A gentle nun in convent dress
Of clinging robes all gray and white.

She lays her cool hand on my face,
And smooths the lines of care away.
Her tender touch with magic grace
Dispels the worries of the day.

She folds the mystic curtain by
That hides from view the shadowy throng,
And gives me those for whom I sigh,
The vanished friends for whom I long.

Sometimes she brings a perfumed spray
Of flowers that bloomed long years ago,
The breath of summers laid away
'Neath many a winter's drifted snow.

No other guest gives such delight,
Nor can of peace bestow the same,
As she who comes 'twixt day and night,
And *Twilight* is the gray nun's name.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

CASTING GREAT GUNS.

THE production of a modern heavy gun is not only a costly affair, but often one of no little risk, as it must be perfect for its work, and able to pass the severe test imposed upon it. On the 5th of April the fourth attempt to cast the last of the great 12-inch cast-iron rifles for the government was successfully made at the South Boston Iron-Works. The last previous effort had been made in October, and had proved a failure. On the present occasion the pit had been very carefully prepared, with an unusually stout core. Three large furnaces were filled with an aggregate of 105 tons of ore. The fires were started, and in a little over fifteen hours the iron was ready to run. The signal was given, and the troughs leading from the furnaces at once began to pour the metal into the gun cradle in the centre of the building. In twenty-two minutes the pit, dug forty feet into the ground, was full, and the great rifle took its first rude form. Early in May the core will be removed, and the gun taken out.

The weight of one of these cast-iron, breech-loading guns is fifty-four tons; that of its Powlett pneumatic carriage, also made at the same works, forty tons. The length of the gun is thirty feet. Its projectile weighs 800 pounds, and is thrown by a charge of powder weighing 265 pounds, with a maximum muzzle velocity of 1840 feet per second, and an approximate muzzle energy of 19,000 foot-tons. The pressure per square inch of bore is about fifteen tons, and the penetration of iron plate twenty-three inches. Enormous as is this weapon, the carriage with the gun can be manœuvred by one man in thirty seconds.

A quarter of a century ago the most powerful piece of ordnance anywhere constructed was one weighing five tons, carrying a projectile of sixty-eight pounds, with a velocity of 1570 feet, and an energy of 1100 foot-tons. A comparison of these figures with those of the heavy breech-loading rifles just spoken of will show the advance made in our country. But in other lands this is very far surpassed by high-powered modern steel guns. The Armstrong and Krupp monsters now in use dwarf even our 54-ton gun. The Armstrong 100-ton gun throws a projectile weighing 2000 pounds, with a muzzle velocity of 1841 feet, produced by a charge of 772 pounds of powder, and developing the enormous muzzle energy of 47,036 foot-tons. Guns like these are actually mounted in some of the Italian iron-clads. There is also an Armstrong 110-ton gun in process of manufacture, and there are many 63-ton and 80-ton Woolwich guns. KRUPP is making for Italy four 120-ton guns, fifty-five feet long, to carry projectiles weighing 2330 pounds each, with a velocity of 1825 feet per second. Such are the prodigious weapons of other lands.

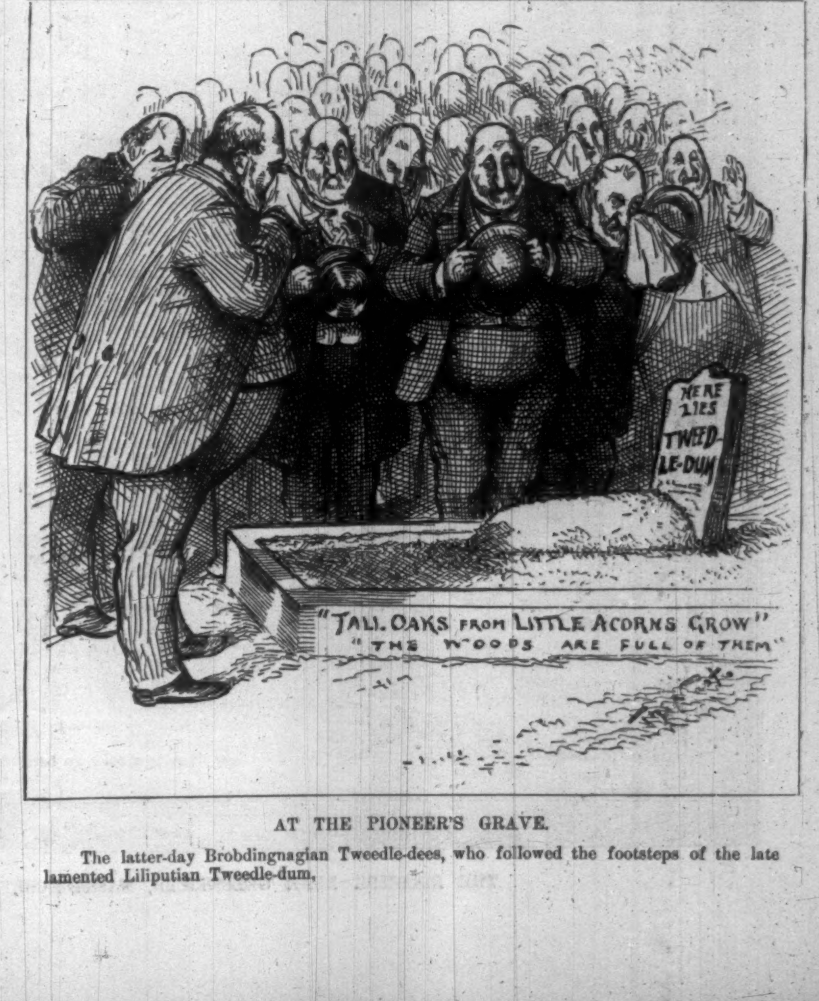
THE RIOTS AT EAST ST. LOUIS.

THE action of a posse of deputy-sheriffs, who had been placed in charge of a freight depot at East St. Louis, in shooting upon a crowd of citizens who had assembled in the neighborhood, nearly precipitated a riot in that city on the 9th inst. Eight special deputy-sheriffs, who had been imported from Texas and other distant points and placed in charge of railroad property by the railroad companies, on the supposition that they were brave and fearless men, well calculated to resist the attack of any number of lawless strikers, were stationed at the Louisville and Nashville Railroad crossing to prevent any interference with the moving of trains. They were armed with Winchester rifles. A crowd of three or four hundred persons, some of them strikers, and some persons who were merely attracted by curiosity, had assembled on a bridge near by, and from under cover of this crowd derisive taunts were flung at the posse of deputy-sheriffs. An eye-witness of the tragedy describes the immediate circumstances which led to it as follows: "I was sitting on the rail of the bridge, when somebody shouted at a tall deputy in a long brown coat, and with a curse referred to his red hair, and advised him to go and shoot himself. The deputy at once advanced, and catching hold of the man, began to drag him away. All the small boys in the crowd immediately yelled, 'Rats!' which seemed to infuriate the deputies beyond all control. The large man with the red hair and a smaller man in black aimed their rifles at the crowd on the bridge. Somebody called out, 'Don't shoot'; but in an instant there came a volley of shots, and several persons on the bridge fell mortally wounded."

Five men (only one of whom was a striker) and a woman were killed by the first volley, and another life—that of an innocent by-stander—was lost by a shot that was fired by one of the frightened deputy-sheriffs a little later.

Upon realizing what they had done, the deputies fled to the city jail, and were locked up for safe-keeping from the hands of the infuriated people. The leaders of the Knights of Labor hastened to the spot—where an immense mob was arming itself and preparing to advance upon the railroad depots, crying for the blood of the officials and vowing vengeance for the deed of the deputy-sheriffs—and begged and implored the people to make no unlawful demonstrations.

At half past 9 P.M. on the same day a fire broke out in some cars near the scene of the afternoon's tragedy, followed shortly after by four others in the railroad buildings and cars near by. The firemen from St. Louis were in some cases protected by Illinois militia in their efforts to put out the fires, but in others they were threatened by the crowd and driven from their work. On Saturday morning order was partly restored, but not until property to the value of $50,000 had been destroyed.


HERE LIES TWEED-LE-DUM
"TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW"
"THE WOODS ARE FULL OF THEM"

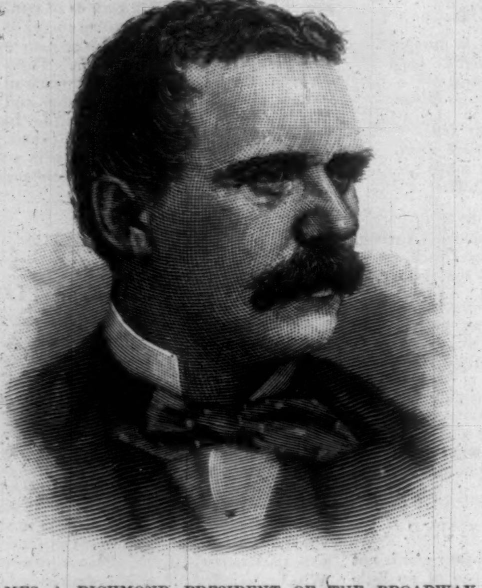
AT THE PIONEER'S GRAVE.

The latter-day Brobdingnagian Tweedle-dees, who followed the footsteps of the late lamented Liliputian Tweedle-dum.

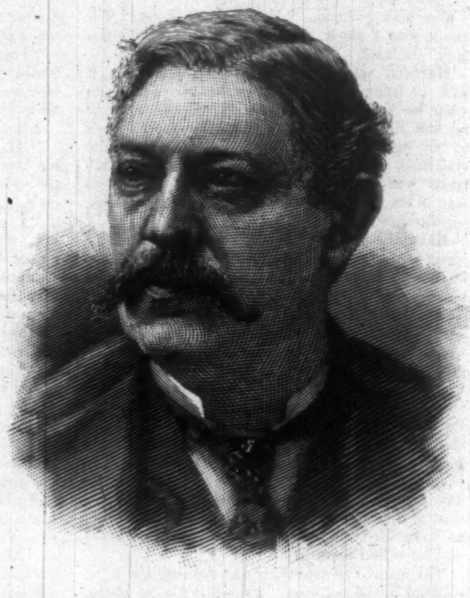
THE BROADWAY FRANCHISE.

Since the last issue of **Harper's Weekly** a new phase of the Broadway business has been presented in the arrest of one of the alleged bribers of the Aldermen. The accompanying portraits are of Mr. **James A. Richmond**, who was arrested on the 9th inst., and of Alderman **Robert E. De Lacy**, whose sudden disappearance from the city last week was not wholly unexpected. The announcement of the flight of Alderman **De Lacy** came almost simultaneously with the news that another member of the famous Board of 1884, Ex-Alderman **William H. Miller**, had been taken into custody at Palatka, Florida, while his companion in exile, Ex-Alderman **Dempsey**, had managed to escape to Cuba.

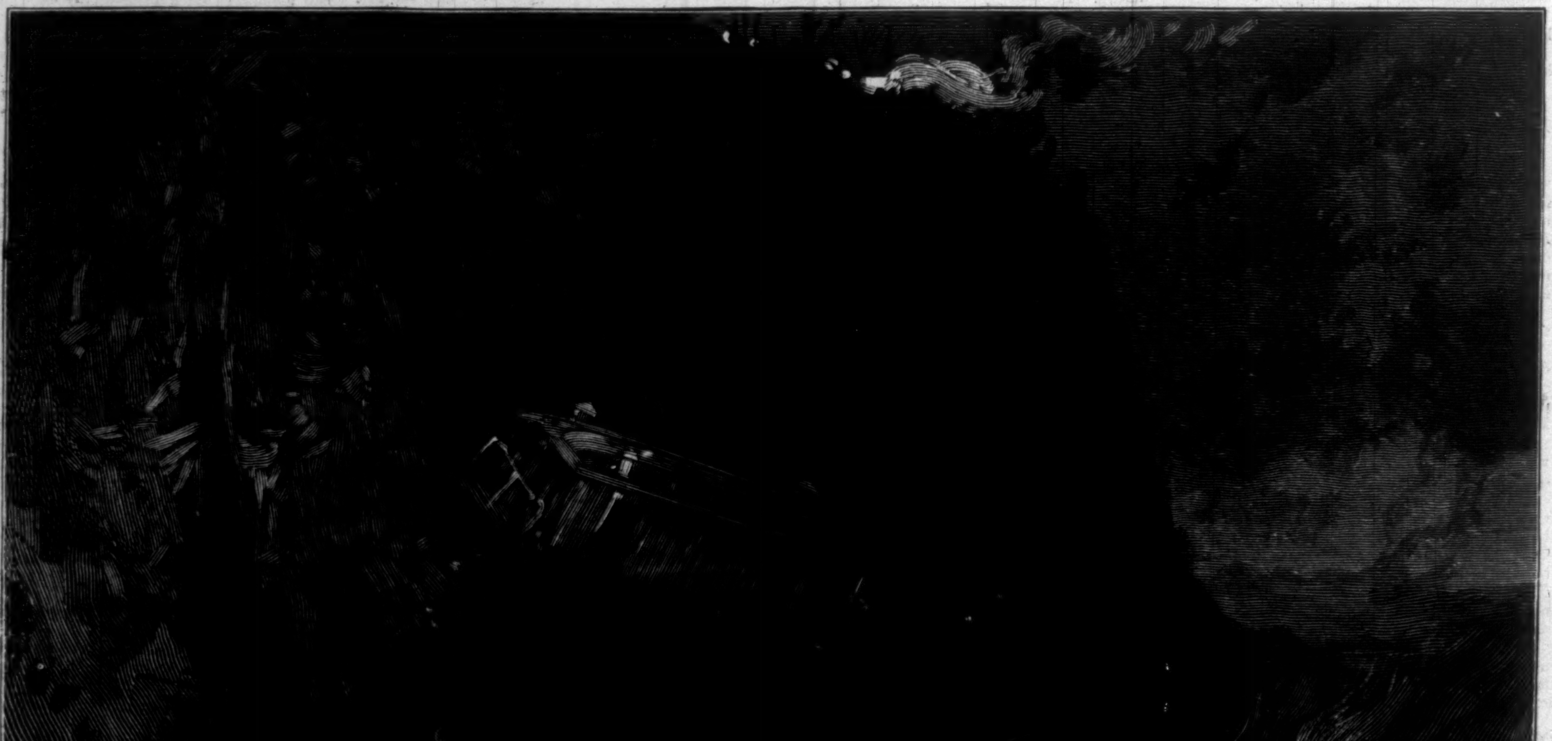
Mr. **James A. Richmond** was arrested on a warrent issued by Recorder Smyth upon the testimony of Ex-Alderman **Waite** (whose portrait was published last week). It will be remembered by the readers of **Harper's Weekly** that the testimony of **Jacob Sharp** and of Mr. **Richmond** before the Senatorial investigating committee admitted the sale of large quantities of the bonds of the Broadway surface road, but failed most conspicuously to account for the disposition of the cash proceeds of such sale. Mr. **Richmond's** arrest had not been unexpected, as Ex-Alderman **Waite's** confession to the District Attorney was known to have pointed to him as the particular official of the railroad company who managed the task of securing the vote of the Aldermen. Mr. **Richmond** is about forty years of age, and was born at Herkimer County, in this State. He came to New York early in life, and engaged in the general produce business. He began to take an interest in city politics at a very early age, and in 1867 received a nomination for the Assembly, but was defeated. The next year he made a more successful attempt, and served a term at Albany. With his political undertakings came an association with street railway interests, and he was connected with the Twenty-third Street surface railway before his selection for the presidency of the Broadway line.



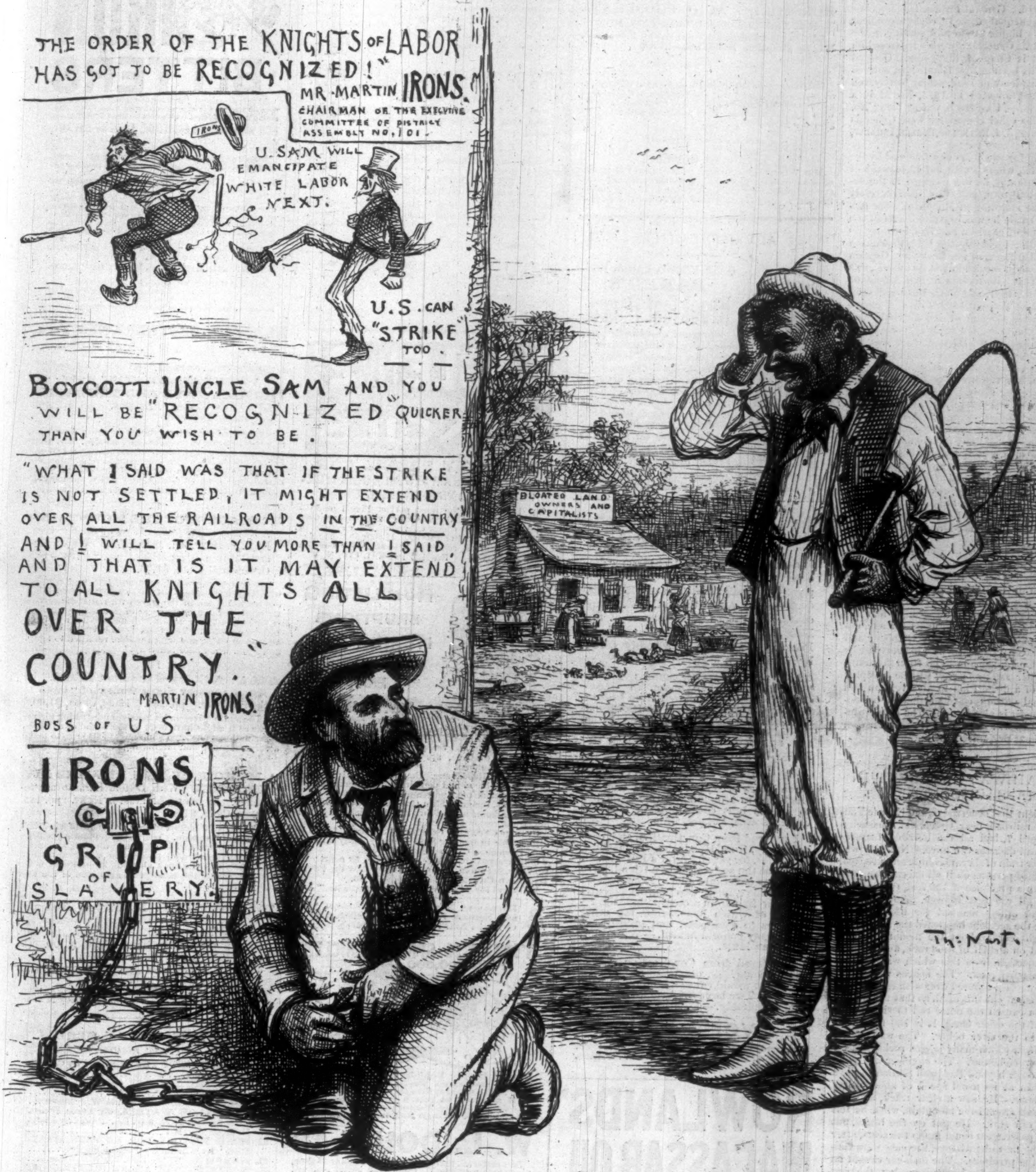
JAMES A. RICHMOND, PRESIDENT OF THE BROADWAY SURFACE RAILROAD COMPANY.—Photographed by Kurtz.



ALDERMAN ROBERT E. DE LACY.
Photographed by Anderson.



THE DISASTER NEAR GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 7.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 254.]


"THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR HAS GOT TO BE RECOGNIZED!"
MR. MARTIN IRONS.
CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF DISTRICT ASSEMBLY NO. 101.
IRONS
U. SAM WILL EMANCIPATE WHITE LABOR NEXT.
U.S. CAN "STRIKE" TOO.
BOYCOTT UNCLE SAM AND YOU WILL BE "RECOGNIZED" QUICKER THAN YOU WISH TO BE.
"WHAT I SAID WAS THAT IF THE STRIKE IS NOT SETTLED, IT MIGHT EXTEND OVER ALL THE RAILROADS IN THE COUNTRY AND I WILL TELL YOU MORE THAN I SAID, AND THAT IS IT MAY EXTEND TO ALL KNIGHTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY."
MARTIN IRONS.
BOSS OF U.S.
BLOATED LAND OWNERS AND CAPITALISTS
IRONS
GRIP OF SLAVERY.
Th: Nast.

WILFUL SLAVERY MAKES WOFUL SUFFERING.

Colored Labor to White Labor. "No sooner am I really set free than you enslave yourselves, and at the expense of your families, too."

GENERAL JOSEPH H. POTTER.

The nomination of Colonel Joseph H. Potter, commanding the Twenty-fourth Infantry, to be a Brigadier-General in the army will be especially grateful to all who like to see exceptionally long service rewarded. General Potter has a record in this respect unequalled, we think, by any officer of his own or a higher grade now serving in the line of the army. General Newton surpasses him by a year, but is Chief of Engineers. General Potter, who was born in New Hampshire, entered the Military Academy in 1839, nearly forty-seven years ago, and graduated in 1843, No. 22 in a class of thirty-nine, Ulysses S. Grant being No. 21. Among his other classmates were Generals Franklin, Augur, J. J. Reynolds, Steele, Ingalls, and Dent.

Garrison life for two years was followed by the war with Mexico, where, as Second Lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry, he was engaged in the defence of Fort Brown, and was then severely wounded in the storming of Monterey. For gallantry in this battle he was brevetted. After the war the routine of garrison and frontier duty returned, the latter including the Utah expedition of 1858. When the civil war broke out, Captain Potter, who was in service in the Southwest, was captured by Texas insurgents at San Augustine Springs in July, 1861, and not exchanged until near the end of August, 1862. Just a month later he became Colonel of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, and at once proceeded to make up for lost time. He took part that autumn in Burnside's campaign, ending in the battle of Fredericksburg, where his gallantry afterward procured him the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. The following May, under Hooker, he was severely wounded at Chancellorsville, and taken prisoner. After his exchange he served in various capacities, and in the final campaigns of 1864 and 1865 commanded a brigade of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and then became Chief of Staff of that corps, serving until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Shortly after, he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers and a Brevet Colonel and Brigadier in the regular army respectively for gallant and meritorious services at Chancellorsville and in the final campaign.

On the reorganization of the army in July, 1866, General Potter was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirtieth Infantry, and in due course of promotion became Colonel of the Twenty-fourth. As a veteran of two wars, seriously wounded in both, no one will grudge him his present honors. He will be retired for age, under the compulsory statute, next October; and hence this graceful recognition of his services by the President, enabling him to go from the active list with higher rank and pay, will be accepted as evidence of a disposition to give veteran and almost retired officers consideration in promotion, where merit is also found. The other principal candidates will be able to renew their own chances without prejudice next autumn.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The accident that occurred on the Hoosac Tunnel line of railroad, near Greenfield, Massachusetts, on April 7, had all the horrible features that a railroad disaster can have. Not only was the passenger train of six cars completely wrecked, but of the fifty persons on it all except one were thrown down a precipice of 130 feet, twelve were killed, and all the rest injured, many of them mortally, and others maimed for life. At the place where the accident happened the road winds with a slight curve about the mountain. One track is laid on a shelf of solid rock, and the other on a projection from this which was built of pieces of blasted rock. The spaces were filled in, and the surface covered over with earth. The rain had washed out this earth so that the weight of the train caused the outer rail to sink below the level of the other one. It is 130 feet from the track to the river below. The wall of the precipice, from which many jagged rocks project, is nearly perpendicular. The engineer had gone just far enough beyond Bardwell Station to have got the train at its usual speed of about thirty miles an hour. He saw a clear track, and had begun to pull around the mountain, when he felt the outer rail sink. He put on the brake, but before the passengers could grasp the seats, after they felt the first disturbance, the cars were rolling down the precipice. The mail-car caught on a projecting rock half-way down, but the rest rolled into the Deerfield River, the current of which was swollen by the recent rains. The stream was twelve feet deep where two of the cars fell. Another fell just at the edge of the water, and by the time the débris had become stationary it took fire in two places. Several persons were killed before the cars reached the river, others were killed by the fall and crushed by the weight of car wheels and timbers, some were drowned, and one or two were burned to death. It was just at dusk when the accident occurred, and before rescuers came to the victims that were yet alive the difficulties of rescuing them were made greater by the darkness. When wrecking trains arrived from each direction it was several hours into the night. Physicians and laborers were let down to the cars, which were now burned except the parts that were submerged, and by the light of bonfires the work of saving those that were yet alive and of recovering the bodies of the dead was carried on all night, and was not finished until late the next day. The only person who escaped without injury was a passenger who was standing on the hindmost platform of the train. He leaped to the track, and when he turned to look at the car the whole train was whirling down the precipice. After the splash in the water he heard the groans of the injured, and in a moment, by the light of the burning cars, he saw as horrible a catastrophe as was ever known in the whole record of railway disasters.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, ETC.
Send to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

Children starving to death on account of their inability to digest food will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Constipation

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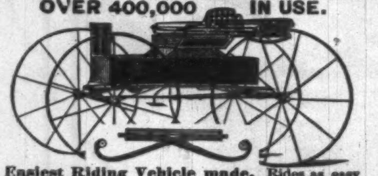

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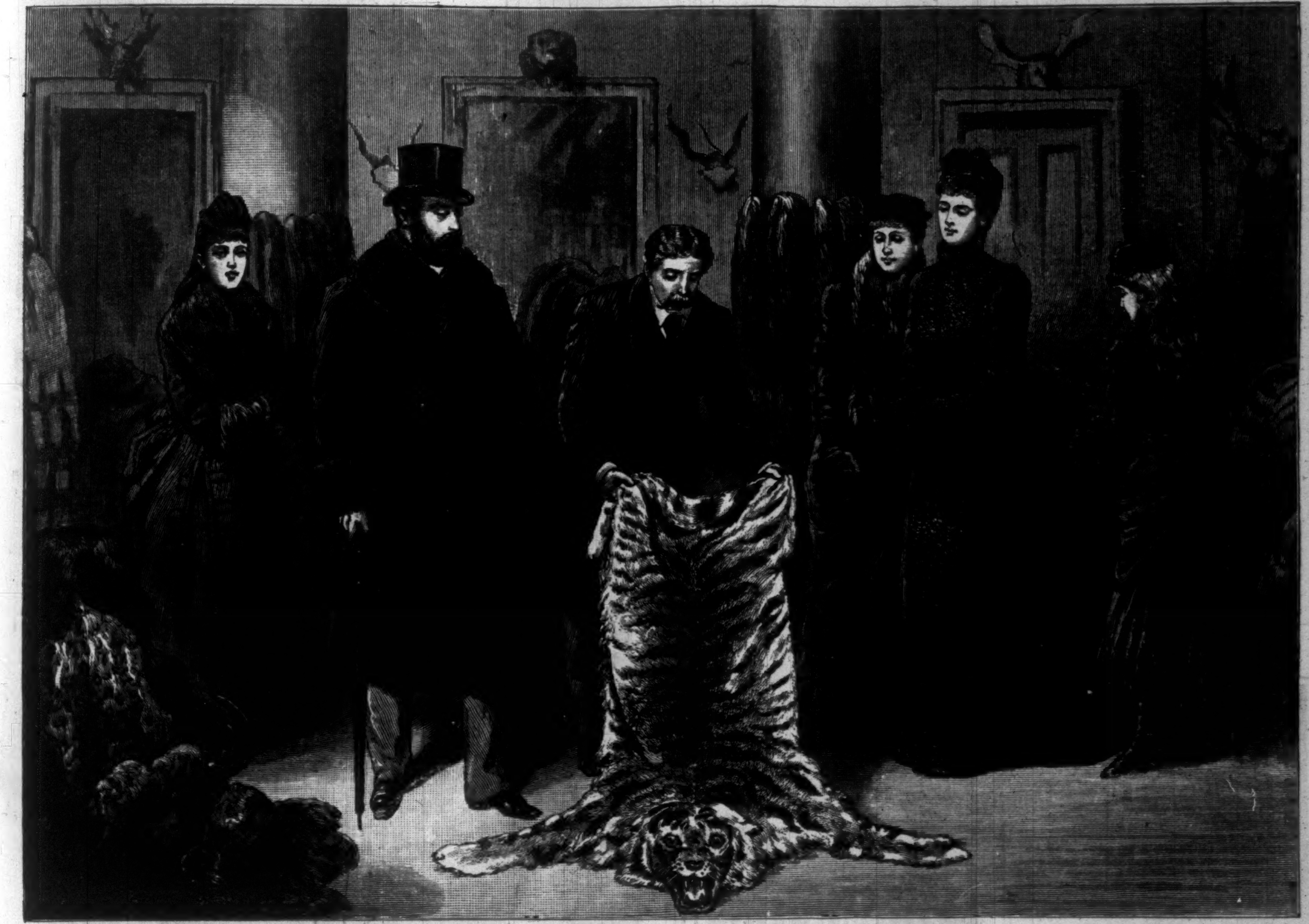

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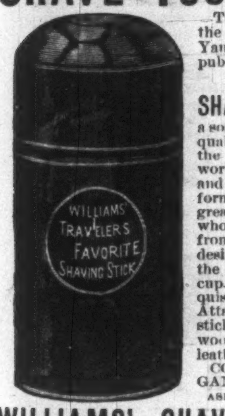

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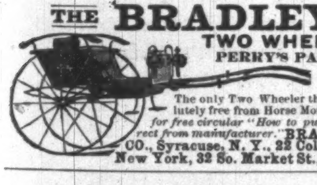

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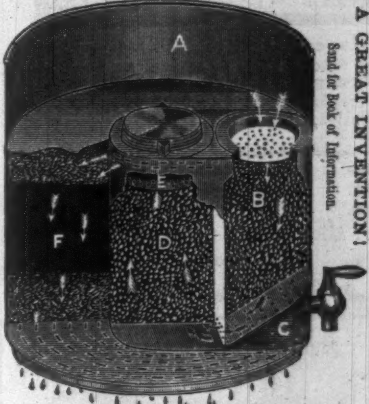

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